Examining Graham Greene • Hard Noses and Human Rights

Paul Fussell *Ronald Steel*

V. 183 no. 2

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Reagan's Boys—*The Editors*

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Nicholas von Hoffman

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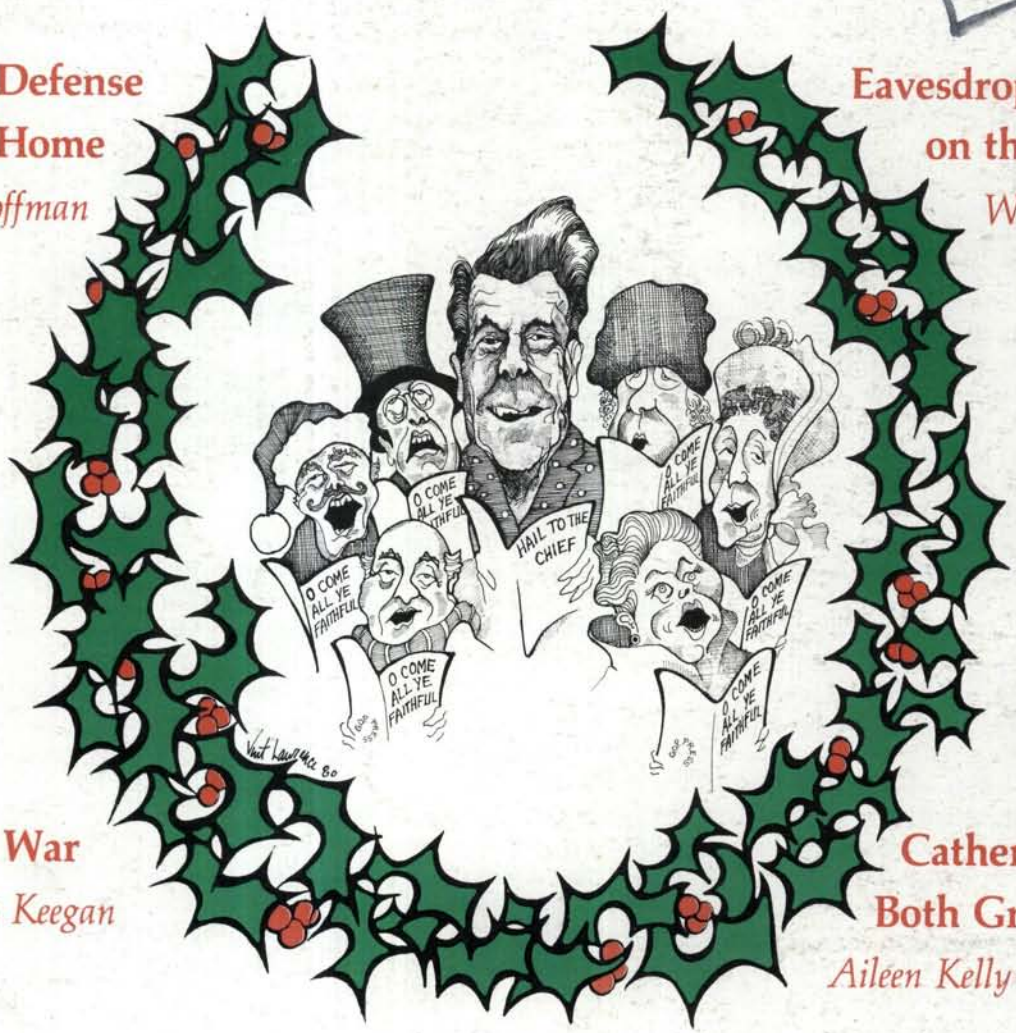
Walter Laqueu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Kipling at War
John Keegan

Catherine & Pete Both Great
Aileen Kelly

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TRB

from Washington
December 27, 1980

The Bleak Reality

For reasons I have never quite understood, I receive a monthly Social Security check from the government, in addition to holding a couple of jobs. The check is tax free and is indexed to the cost of living. The rate of return last July suddenly jumped $1,000. I felt guilty but managed to control myself. Yet doubt remains. The country has been on a 20-year binge and is living beyond its means. How does it meet its bills? By inflation, of course, the hidden tax that puts a hand in every pocket and that injures the poor most. Inflation widens the social gap. Wages lag behind consumer prices. The statistics say blacks and Hispanics are hardest hit. My increase in Social Security, I suppose, is skimmed off somebody's standard of living.

I doubt if this situation can last. There are increasing signs of strain all over the country and it is seeping out of the financial pages onto the front pages, always a sign of crisis. The prime rate has gone up again, to 21 percent, an all-time high. Will it stay there or go higher? People are eager to believe that Ronald Reagan can solve the problem. He has made it sound so simple, and it won't hurt anybody a bit (except those bureaucrats). It is poignant the way Americans put their hopes in new presidents. When Carter came in four years ago it was the same. He told the nation we were facing one of the worst crises in years. It is worse now. There's no doubt about the warnings we are getting. Every new administration stresses the troubles bequeathed to it, of course, but this looks serious. "The economy is out of control," says Representative Jack Kemp (of Kemp-Roth), Republican of New York. Reagan's budget director-designate, Representative Dave Stockman, Republican of Michigan, says he sees a 50-50 chance of a "double-dip recession in early 1981" with "staggering political and policy challenges." They are talking in apocalyptic terms of a crisis, a national emergency, a "Dunkirk." A joint Stockman-Kemp survey says Reagan should set up "an Emergency Economic Stabilization and Recovery Program" right away and duplicate the famous New Deal 100 Days. Kemp assures us that the new president "is absolutely committed to acting dramatically and quickly." Yes, he says, he will be "the Franklin Delano Roosevelt of the Republican party." Golly.

The trouble with this is that the proposed remedies from the campaign, and from Reagan's advisers now, don't sound convincing. Everybody wants the same thing—to unleash the staggering productive potential of the American economy. People want to buy goods, don't they? And people want to make goods. Why can't they get together? Why isn't the system working? It's all due to too much government, says Reagan, to bureaucracy and to over-regulation. Take your hand off free enterprise and see it soar. Nobody will have to make sacrifices. And then comes Chrysler begging for another bail-out.

America was built on cheap energy and cheap credit and both have given out. That's part of our trouble. It may be temporary but it interrupts the economy. Cost-of-living escalators have been built into wage and benefit agreements for years (including pensions and Social Security) and these institutionalize inflation. A 12 percent inflation rate doubles prices every six years. It doesn't take long for this to breed unrest. Meanwhile the OPEC nations last week decided to raise oil prices 10 percent and, in Washington, the Fed continued to do what it was created to do, control inflation by creating recessions. And every recession we've entered since the 1960s has ended with a higher level of inflation than the one before.

I don't mean to be gloomy but I think the situation indicates more trouble than the person in the street yet perceives. The Ford company is having trouble as well as Chrysler; half a dozen airlines face bankruptcy after deregulation; the steel industry is laying off workers; and the building trade is on its back with 20 percent interest rates. Bankruptcies are likely.

A man who said all this last week was Felix Rohatyn, the investment company executive who was called in a few years back when New York City was near bankruptcy. New York had runaway spending, a difficult political structure, and heavy debts. Yet in five years the Rohatyn team brought the deficit down to zero, refinanced the debt, and achieved a viable economy. Was the process painless? No. There was a wage freeze and all around bargaining sessions with labor, banks, and politicians. Rohatyn is blunt, and on CBS's "Face the Nation" last week compared America's problem with New York's: "You know perfectly well that you have an unsustainable Social Security system," he said. He noted farm prices tied to the inflation cycle by government supports, and government oblique subsidies for natural gas and gasoline. He would institute a wage-price freeze for six months (as New York City did, in effect) and establish a stable base for negotiations. He would slap a 50- or 60-cent-a-gallon tax on gasoline (as Representative John Anderson urged). The French and Germans pay $3.50 a gallon for gas, he recalled. At the rate we're buying OPEC oil we'll turn over to OPEC half a trillion dollars in five years—half the value of every company on the New York Stock Exchange! With the proceeds from the proposed tax he'd help cut down the deficit. A tax cut? Sure, he favors it. He would encourage investment too. But how are you going to cut taxes, increase defense spending, and slide out of inflation? The country can't function long with 20 percent interest rates, he says flatly. "I think we're in very, very, very bad shape."

My guess is that things will get a bit worse before the new Reagan administration decides to take tough action. For example, the country needs a new agency like the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. New York City set up the Municipal Assistance Corporation, which Rohatyn still heads. The individual loan to Chrysler at 16 percent is an extravagant Band-Aid. Other companies need equity capital, need to help to organize sacrifices from the unions and banks, need support in organizing things if there's a credit crunch. America still floats on post-election euphoria, but reality is breaking in.

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Correspondence

Man of steel

To the editors:

As I am certain that your Fool knows by now, about the time his column touting a Canadian steel company (A Fool and His Money: "Forging Ahead," *TNR*, October 18) reached his eager readers, the price of its stock advanced quite rapidly, apparently mainly on US money. (It has done even better since, possibly in part for the wrong reason.) There are other Canadian steel companies possibly more worthy of his attentions.

George Hendry
Massey College
Toronto, Canada

Partisan scapegoats

To the editors:

Arnaud de Borchgrave's and Michael Ledeen's article on the sale of Western high technology to the Soviets ("Selling Russia the Rope," *TNR*, December 13) highlights an increasingly critical problem faced by the US and its allies, one which may already have been allowed to cause major damage to the security of the West. However, the authors' implication that this situation results from mistakes made almost exclusively by the Carter administration is not accurate. They state, for example, that "COCOM lists certain technologies that cannot be sent to the Soviet bloc without a special exemption. Before the Carter administration most of the exemptions were granted to West European countries. In recent years, the United States has accounted for more than 60 percent of the special cases. . . ." In fact, the percentage of COCOM exception cases (according to figures compiled by the US State Department), with the exception of the year 1979, has remained at about 50 percent, the same rate as that for total US COCOM exception cases during the Nixon-Ford years of 1971-76. The percentage in 1979 did rise to almost 60 percent, but this was a unique year, since it was the last year of the three-year cycle between COCOM list updates. During this third year, there usually is a major rise in exception cases as some of the old control levels become outdated and thus more listed items are approved for shipment.

Two of the three major export deals with the Soviets cited by the authors as examples of the damage inflicted on US national security by the loosening of export controls—the Kama River truck factory project and the Bryant grinding machine sale—were made during the Nixon-Ford era, not during the Carter administration.

The present Western export control system may not be the complete "shambles" that Senator Jackson claims it is, but it obviously has serious problems. These problems largely have grown out of the failure of detente with the Soviet Union, a policy which, while it was continued by President Carter, was originated by the Nixon and Ford administrations. A second source of export control difficulties has been a lack of attentiveness by Commerce Department officials to national security aspects of East-West trade. This situation also prevailed throughout the 1970s. In the past year, major steps have been taken to remedy the shortcomings of the US and COCOM export control policy and administration. These initiatives should be continued after Mr. Reagan takes office, but the security of the West will not be served by attempts to find partisan scapegoats for past export control failures.

David L. Gandle
Washington, DC

Where credit is due

To the editors:

While we are respectful of the reporting that Jonathan Kwitny has done, and pleased that *The New Republic* is critically examining the Richard V. Allen saga, the author's identification on Kwitny's article ("The Rehabilitation of Richard Allen," *TNR*, December 6) was both inaccurate and insulting. *TNR* wrote: "Jonathan Kwitny, a reporter for the *Wall Street Journal*, broke the original story about Richard Allen."

In its September/October issue, which was released and discussed in mid-July, *Mother Jones* featured an extensive report by Jeffrey Klein, Brian McTigue, and Fred Strasser about Richard Allen. They exposed not just Allen's relationship with swindler Robert Vesco, but also his connections with resource manipulator John King and his lobbying on behalf of right-wing Azorean separatist groups. In a follow-up article in *Mother Jones*'s November issue, Jeffrey Klein discussed Allen's role as a paid propagandist for Portuguese colonialists in Africa. Jonathan Kwitny drew upon this research, just as *Mother Jones* built both side by side with, and upon the work of, other Allen investigators. Earlier in the campaign season, for example, the *Village Voice* revived the Grumman bribe accusations against Allen; and a few years before that, Jim Hougan (in his book *Spooks*) explored Allen's kinship with Vesco.

Deborah Branscum
Mother Jones
San Francisco, California

Cornering compassion

To the editors:

After an evenhanded editorial setting forth a cogent case for a balanced human rights policy ("Rights and Reagan," *TNR*, November 29), John Osborne comes along in the same issue with an implication that only those opposed to Reagan can be "Citizens with some care for social compassion" and "caring citizen[s]" (White House Watch: "Adjusting to Reagan").

A pity. Perhaps it's simply bitterness over backing a failed candidacy; more likely it is one more manifestation of the mindset which has made the political left increasingly vulnerable. The ideological blinders which can lead one to claim a corner on the compassion market are almost certainly indicative of a degree of self-righteousness which precludes objectivity and thus real perception.

Rex A. Shane
Dugway, Utah

Sour grapes

To the editors:

I find the recent diatribe by the Washington Diarist (*TNR*, November 15) against James Reston both distasteful and tiresomely repetitious, following as it does a recent feature article making essen-

(continued on page 40)

The editors welcome correspondence from TNR's readers. Letters intended for publication should include the correspondent's full name, address, and telephone number, should be typed double-spaced, and held to under 200 words. Longer letters may be abridged due to lack of space.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

December 27, 1980

The Haig Question

It's surprising, disappointing, and even a little frightening that the Reagan transition team could come up with so few plausible candidates for secretary of state. For all the criticism—much of it justified—that Republicans have leveled at the Carter administration, when it came the Republicans' turn to take charge, whom did they consider to be the key officials responsible for devising and executing American foreign policy? First, George Shultz, a former labor and treasury secretary whose forte is economics, arguably international economics, but who has little experience in diplomacy or strategy. When Shultz withdrew as a candidate, there may have been brief discussion of William Simon and William Casey, both of whom wanted the job, but who also have no foreign policy expertise.

Showing narrowness of mind and a penchant for recrimination, the Reagan group dismissed a number of qualified, experienced, and imaginative foreign policy thinkers. Senator Henry Jackson apparently was ruled out because he is a Democrat, although virtually all of his international views conform to the president-elect's. Henry Kissinger was discarded because some members of the Reagan entourage hate him and those who do not, fear him. The so-called "Reaganauts" also systematically excluded some potential candidates because of prior association with Kissinger, such as President Ford's former national security adviser, General Brent Scowcroft.

Having excluded qualified candidates and considered unqualified ones, the president-elect and his aides settled on General Alexander Haig, once Kissinger's deputy at the NSC, then Richard Nixon's chief of staff, then supreme commander of NATO. Is Haig the best that Reagan could do? We wish that he had been able to do better, but given the Reagan team's prejudices, Haig represents probably the best choice in a weak lot.

It is only for lack of better candidates that we accept the spectacle of having such a major figure from the Watergate White House again so near the pinnacle of the American government. Haig delivered Nixon's and Kissinger's wiretap "hit" lists to J. Edgar Hoover, and now says that he acted "precisely in accordance with established procedures of the executive branch." There is no evidence that Haig ever quarreled with those procedures, protested them, or urged they be changed.

Later, as White House chief of staff, Haig aided Nixon in his struggle to escape justice. It was he who wielded the ax during the Saturday night massacre, transmitting orders from the "commander in chief" to fire the prosecutors who were hot on his trail. There is no evidence that Haig himself committed any unlawful acts, but we do not think that smoking pistols and indictable offenses are the measure of a public servant's judgment and trustworthiness. No one ever has doubted Haig's intelligence and bureaucratic canniness, so it seems clear he knew full well that his actions were part of Nixon's overall illegal activity.

In Nixon's final days, it is widely believed, Haig came to realize that the national interest required that the president should resign quickly. According to legend and to Woodward's and Bernstein's reporting, Haig skillfully and heroically ran the government and saved the country by maneuvering Nixon out of office. Ironically, some of Haig's critics contend that this was even worse conduct than his aid to Nixon in the Watergate cover-up. It was, these critics charge, a usurpation of the constitutional power of the presidency. And, beyond this, some charge that Haig tried to engineer Nixon's resignation by attempting to arrange a pardon for him with Vice President Ford.

Haig himself has not been at all forthcoming about his activities in the White House. In a "Meet the Press" appearance in mid-1979 Haig said, "It is sort of ludicrous that a decade later questions are still being asked about something that has been examined in minute detail with respect to my personal role. I have absolutely no qualms of conscience about it in the context of what was done." In fact, Haig's role never has been

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publicly examined in minute detail. We think it ought to be during his Senate confirmation hearings.

What the United States needs in a secretary of state is strategic vision, a sense of history, foreign policy experience, native intelligence, a realistic understanding of America's assets and vulnerabilities, rapport with other world leaders, and a gift for maneuvering within the US government and with other governments. A pure heart and dedication to the welfare of humankind are desirable, too, but in the 1980s competence is the prime requisite.

This is especially true in the Reagan administration. Reagan himself is anything but a global strategist or experienced foreign policy hand. Reagan's nominee for defense secretary, Caspar Weinberger, is reputedly a skillful manager and program analyst and offers the promise of rationalizing Pentagon spending priorities. But he is not experienced in either foreign or defense policy and will have to spend all his time and energy learning his job, taking care not to be eaten alive by the military and the defense industry. Reagan has promised that foreign policy will not be set, Kissinger-Brzezinski style, by the national security adviser. The presumptive candidate for that job, Richard V. Allen, has a sharp understanding of the dangers posed by Soviet power and is likely to be a powerful influence in the administration. Allen, however, is no grand strategist, either. So basic foreign policy direction will have to be undertaken by the secretary of state.

Is Haig up to the job? The answer is not entirely clear. On the negative side, Haig has not produced any substantial body of writing to tell us what he thinks about foreign policy. What we know of his views comes mainly from speeches, interviews, and congressional testimony. To his credit, Haig quickly appreciated the weaknesses of NATO when he became SACEUR and set about correcting them. He grasped that the Western Alliance had allowed the Soviet Union to undertake a massive, 15-year military build-up, and to catch and surpass the West in important areas of military preparedness. He persuaded European governments and his own that they had to commit themselves to a long-term force modernization program. He also improved the readiness of NATO forces and their ability to fight in concert. Next to Henry Kissinger, Haig is the American foreign policy figure who is most respected by our European allies.

It is unclear what Haig's strategy would be, but at least he shows an understanding of what strategy is and what the United States is up against. As early as mid-1978, before the fall of the shah of Iran, Haig was publicly urging that the United States and it allies pay attention to threats in the Persian Gulf. In a 1978 press conference in Germany, for example, he warned that there was a pattern to Soviet advances. First, the Soviets quietly build or take over a national liberation movement in a target state. That movement calls for assistance from a Soviet satellite, which helps it to overthrow the existing government. Once that is done, the Brezhnev doctrine applies, permitting open Soviet intervention to protect socialism. Haig said that was how the Soviet Union moved in Angola and Yemen, and how it was moving—this was 1978, remember—in Afghanistan.

When he was asked how the Soviets should be countered, he replied "by a greater concertion [sic] to insure that the collective political, economic, and security strengths [of the West] are displayed in ways to show the Soviets that these third world aggressions are unacceptable." He said he was opposed to military interventionism, but also to mere rhetoric in dealing with the Soviets. He said he was for "hard policies—interface policies, resource policies, security policies . . . by the application of will in areas where we are vastly superior." He would not then spell out what kind of "hard policies" he was talking about. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee ought to ask him.

What seems apparent, however, is that Haig's mind is not strictly tied to military solutions for the solving of America's problems overseas. It's curious that some of Haig's critics claim on the one hand that he ought not be secretary of state because of his background as a military man. On the other hand, they disparage him as having been a "political general." In fact, he has been a political general—and a politician, in fact, more than a general.

And, more than a politician, Haig has been a highly skilled bureaucratic maneuverer. All of his abilities are likely to be needed in orchestrating a coherent American foreign policy among such dissonant players as the Commerce Department, which is responsible for trade policy; the Pentagon, for defense policy; the International Communications Agency, for information policy; and the Agency for International Development, for aid policy. And a strong bureaucratic hand will be needed to keep the State Department and certain Reagan appointees in line. Even in the transition period, hardline ideologues have been leaking secret cables and issuing statements in an effort to set policy, embarrass foes, and obtain jobs. Haig, presumably, would make his team play as a team.

We certainly are not ecstatic about Alexander Haig's nomination. We wish Reagan had picked someone else. We urge the Senate to give Haig a thorough examination before confirming him. However, Reagan certainly could have done worse.

UN Protocols

Last week, for the first time since Hitler, naked Jew-hatred reappeared in a "respectable" international forum. The stage for this odious spectacle, needless to say, was the General Assembly of the United Nations.

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For some time, we in these pages, and a very few others elsewhere (most notably Pat Moynihan, to the jeers of the discreet), have warned that the stench of anti-Semitism pervades that corrupt institution; and that the Orwellian inversions that turn Israelis into "Nazis" and Zionists into "racists" are mere disguises. We need warn no longer. The semantic games, the spurious distinctions, and the litany of dishonest charges and phony grievances—"holy sites," "architectural plundering," "oppression," "racism," "imperialism," etc.—evidently are no longer deemed necessary. Now we are treated, quite without adornment, to the words and spirit of Goebbels and Streicher.

Hazem Nuseibeh, UN delegate from the Kingdom of Jordan, capped six days of talk in the General Assembly —"a notable feature of which," the *New York Times* gingerly reported, were "several hostile references to Jews"—with the following remarks:

> The representative of the Zionist entity is evidently incapable of concealing his deep-seated hatred toward the Arab world for having broken loose from the notorious exploitation of its natural resources, long held in bondage and plundered by his own people's cabal which controls and manipulates and exploits the rest of humanity by controlling the money and wealth of the world. . . . People like Lord Rothschild every day, in iron-clad secrecy, decide to flash around the world how high the price of gold should be on each particular day. And there is Mr. Oppenheimer of South Africa who holds 15 million blacks in bondage in order to exploit and monopolize the diamonds, the uranium, and other precious resources which rightfully belong to the struggling African people of South Africa and Namibia. It is a well-known fact that the Zionists are the richest people in the world and control much of its destiny.

In another speech, one Falilou Kane, delegate from Senegal and chairman of the General Assembly Committee on the Exercise of the Unalienable Rights of the Palestinian People, argued that the Palestinian cause was ignored or distorted because the news organizations are "dominated by Jews." The *Times* tells us that Kane, "whose country is regarded as a political moderate" singled out the *Times* itself, the *Washington Post*, and the three major American television networks.

The representative of the United States did not speak at all during the debate. Not a single word of protest was uttered by an American delegate. A spokesman for the delegation observed coolly, "There are different ways of responding." Indeed the story itself was apparently a non-event to the various organs "dominated by Jews," except for the *Times*. But even the *Times* report took a curious slant. The big news—the headline and the lead—was not the anti-Semitism, but the Israeli delegate's objection to it. The Israeli, Yehuda Blum, accused the UN of "permitting anti-Semitic invective . . . which no decent society would tolerate." The *Times* reporter, Bernard Nossiter, described this as an "outburst." A sub-headline—"Deeply Regrets The Slurs"—referred not to Blum but to Nuseibeh again, who felt slurred by the suggestion that he, a "Semite . . . whose people [the Arabs] have to bear the brunt of anti-Semitism in Europe and elsewhere . . . " possibly could be an anti-Semite. ("Anti-Semite," of course, is simply a phrase devised in the late 19th century so that people in polite society did not have to go around calling themselves "Jew-haters.")

The *Times* story concluded with a bit of background clarification, explaining that "the N.S. Rothschild company is one of five London bullion dealers. . . ." Oppenheimer was identified as: "chairman of the Anglo-American company, parent of De Beers Consolidated Mines, the diamond monopoly." A few days later, the *Times* editorial page confused things a bit by dredging up a tired old quotation about left-wing anti-Semitism. The German Marxist, August Bebel, had called it "the socialism of fools." But Jordan and Senegal? Fools yes, but what socialism? Then the *Times* pointed out that Oppenheimer, though born a Jew, is actually an Anglican. But if he is an Anglican, how can he also own the diamond monopoly?

It was a busy week, as Soviet armies massed on Poland's frontiers and John Lennon was laid to rest. Still, the event was real—the taboo is no more. It is once again permissible, at least at the United Nations, to speak of "international conspiracies of Jewish bankers" and so on. The silence of Carter's State Department was a fitting culmination to his administration's consistent policy of assenting to indecencies at the UN.

We can now hope that president-elect Reagan will adopt a new attitude toward the factory of lies on the East River: either by shaking it upside down or by pulling us out entirely. Short of the latter, he might send the whole show packing to Ouagadougou, or somewhere equally appropriate and cheerful.

White House Watch

A Closing Chapter

Three predominant impressions emerged in mid-December from a reporter's inquiries and the responses at the Carter White House. The abject gloom that followed the November election defeat had dissipated and had been displaced by a modest measure of cheer. Jimmy Carter, sharing and doing what he could to encourage the recovery of spirit, at the same time suffered from a profound and crippling sense of helplessness. His assistants, high and low, suffered from a sense of aimlessness, a feeling that they were stuck until January 20 with attendance at a prolonged funeral. The gist of remarks by four assistants who see something of the President every working day conveys the overall impression:

"After the first few days of disappointment, the

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President and we sort of got out of that fairly quickly. There's been enough to do since then to keep him busy and interested in things that are going on, not just his own preparations for his own transition."

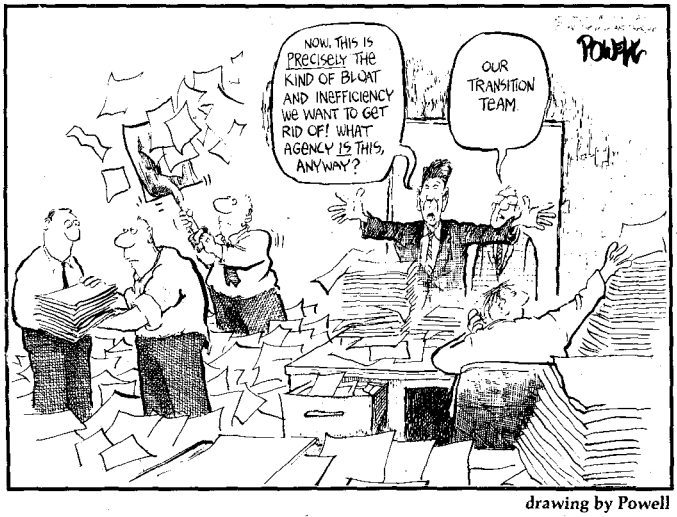
"All of us, certainly including the President, continue to be deeply disappointed. I'm not being cavalier about that. But he, like most of us, has put that aside. That chapter is closed. We are onto the present and the future and there's not a lot of preoccupation with the result of the election."

"The President is very quiet, and he doesn't have his normal bounce. But he's certainly on top of things, responding to our memos and keeping busy."

"The President's mood is one of stoic acceptance, still a high sense of responsibility, and worry about what's going on."

The worry, according to the assistant last quoted, has to do with the recent jump in prime interest rates and the dire predictions of the President's own and other economists. It's in this area that the sense of helplessness surfaces. Carter is said to feel that the increase in prime interest rates from 14½ percent on election day to 21 percent on December 17 confirms his campaign warnings that Reagan rhetoric and indicated Reagan policies presaged a disastrous surge of inflation. He is said to feel also that he as the outgoing President can do nothing to stem the inflationary course and that, if only he'd been reelected, he at least could have slowed the rise as he thinks he did last spring with his economic revitalization program, his talk of budget stringency, and the like. Reagan and Reagan's people are setting the tone now, he is said to groan, and look what's happening.

A note of sardonic and human satisfaction along with genuine concern is evident in this kind of White House talk. It's akin to the muted satisfaction that the President and his people draw from recent Reagan gaffes and transition difficulties. A report that Nancy Reagan had told somebody she wished the Carters would vacate the White House residence before January 20 so that she could begin redecorating the mansion simultaneously angered and pleased the Carter folks. The gaucherie angered them, the damage done


NOW, THIS IS PRECISELY THE KIND OF BLOAT AND INEFFICIENCY WE WANT TO GET RID OF! WHAT AGENCY IS THIS, ANYWAY?
OUR TRANSITION TEAM
POWELL
drawing by Powell

to the image of Reagan grace pleased them. When Carter was quoted saying flatly that Mrs. Reagan had never said any such thing, it was quickly pointed out that he'd said *she said* she hadn't said it. Rosalynn Carter, reporting that Nancy had telephoned her to deny the story, also took care to say that Mrs. Reagan *said* she hadn't said it. Carter people firmly believed that she had said it and, to boot, had hinted to White House usher Rex Scouten that she'd like to start redecorating the family rooms while the Carters were still in residence. A columnist's joysome prediction that the Reagans would bring "a little class for a change" to the White House infuriated press secretary Jody Powell and irritated his colleagues because it seemed to them to deny Rosalynn Carter the credit she indeed was due for presiding gracefully during her and her Jimmy's four White House years. Reports and evidence that the Reagan transition operation was overstaffed, overly expensive, and poorly controlled contributed to the chortles and dour wisecracks at the White House. At a staff meeting Carter joined in the chortling for a while. Then he got serious and admonished his assistants to the following effect, with particular reference to the gossip about Nancy Reagan's impatience: "Look, this is a silly little thing and you people calm down. We've got a good transition working here and we can't allow something like this to poison the atmosphere."

Carter put a lot of effort and telephone time into lobbying for the passage of several administration bills that he and his assistants hadn't expected to get through the lame duck session of Congress. Among the successes were an Alaska lands bill, safeguarding more than 100 million acres of wilderness from despoliation; a trimmed-down measure to diminish the dumping of dangerous chemical wastes; and a joint resolution that promotes congressional budget discipline and helps Carter put together a tight fiscal 1982 budget. Much of his working time went into that budget. The President heard the last of department and agency appeals from budget director James T. McIntyre Jr.'s stringent hold-downs on proposed spending and authorization the week of December 15. As Carter began doing in 1979, he left most of the grubby detail to McIntyre and his staff and concentrated on what an official calls "the big numbers and the major policy decisions." Carter expects to embody in the new budget some of the steps he'd take now to minimize inflation and interest rates if he were going to be in charge next year. Even this is projected in knowledge that the Reagan administration will reshape the submitted budget.

McIntyre had his first meeting with Reagan's budget director, Representative David Stockman, and two former Republican budget officials on December 16. So far the preliminary budget transition process has gone more smoothly than it did in 1976. McIntyre thought he'd devised a way to avoid the tensions that arose in 1976 from the Carter transitionists' demands for advance and confidential budget information that

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PREMIER ISSUE

WINTER 1980/81
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Free Inquiry

A Secular Humanist Declaration

Excerpts *(for full text see page 3)*

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the Ford budget office refused to provide. The defender of budget sanctity in 1976 was deputy director Paul O'Neill, now Reagan's senior budget transition official under Stockman. McIntyre planned to offer Stockman and O'Neill what technicians call an updated "current services budget." It projects what present federal programs will cost if there are no basic policy changes. From that, McIntyre figures, the Reagan budgeters should be able to determine what they can and want to do with the current, swelling 1981 budget outlays and begin planning their 1982 revisions.

SOME OF Carter's time, and more of his assistants' time, goes into preparing the record of the Carter administration. The President, staff chief Jack Watson, and former counsel Lloyd Cutler (who has resumed private law practice but works part time for Carter) have been discussing and collating the rules that will govern access to the Carter papers after they are stored, temporarily in Atlanta and later in a Carter presidential library. Senior assistants and office heads have been asked to compile summaries of their major endeavors, problems, and accomplishments. The reports are submitted to Watson, who has also asked each federal department and agency head to submit a similar report. All of them become parts of the Carter presidential papers. Several national archives employees stationed at the White House are taping interviews with Carter staffers, who are asked to focus on their personal experiences and contributions but also to get into their relationships with the Carters, Jimmy and Rosalynn, when that's appropriate. The Carters are not being taped, on the assumption that they'll save their stuff for Carter memoirs. The taping, which started in 1978 with departing assistants, will have embalmed the recollections of some 200 staffers by January 20. The archives staff began this exercise in oral history in 1974, during Nixon's final months, and didn't resume it under Ford. The Nixon staff interviews are sequestered by law, with other Nixon records. The Carter tapes will be added to the Carter library files and, it's hoped, will be transcribed some day at the library.

Twenty-six requests for retrospective interviews with Carter are on file with Jody Powell and his chief deputy, Ray Jenkins. Powell on December 16 hadn't mentioned the requests to Carter, in the belief that he wasn't ready as yet to think back over the four years and might not be ready for it before he goes home to Plains after Reagan's inauguration January 20. The President, Rosalynn, daughter Amy, and son Chip will do that temporarily over Christmas. Carter will fly on New Year's Day to the Sugar Bowl football game in New Orleans. He didn't do anything like this on his three previous New Year's Days in office, and he really isn't much of a football fan. So why's he doing it? Georgia and Louisiana teams are involved, but that circumstance wasn't really compelling, either. "He just wanted to do it," Powell says. It will be a presidential trip, at public expense, probably Jimmy Carter's next to last trip on Air Force One. The last flight will take him home to Georgia and retirement.

Several other Carter people—Hamilton Jordan, national security adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, public liaison director Anne Wexler among them—began having their farewell says in interviews. The most interesting of these exercises was in a speech rather than an interview. Stuart Eizenstat, the President's assistant for domestic affairs and policy, addressed himself at the National Press Club in Washington to what the Democratic party ought to do that it hasn't been doing if it is to recover from the November disaster. His speech also was in effect, though not in direct statement, an outline of much that in Eizenstat's view the Carter administration should have done and didn't do.

Among the specifics: reform the party reforms of recent years "so that every Democratic congressman, senator, and governor" is a delegate to national conventions and has a role in writing the party platform; shorten the presidential primary season; limit political action committee contributions to congressional campaigns and remove the limits from national committee contributions; give the party's congressional leadership a major role in formulating party policy. The most interesting observations, the ones bearing on Carter administration doctrine and performance, were essentially philosophical: the party must advocate "noninflationary balanced growth" and "reject a no-growth philosophy"; it must shift from "consumption-oriented stimulus policies" to policies emphasizing labor and industry productivity; "reduce government-created restraints on the free market" while still protecting consumers and helpless citizens. Any careful listener could hear what Eizenstat was saying without quite saying it: the Carter administration did some of this, but not enough with enough emphasis. Coming from the senior domestic adviser to a President who'd never shown much concern for his party, except when he needed its nomination, the speech deserved more notice than it got.

Eizenstat sent advance drafts to many Democratic figures. Senator Edward Kennedy didn't respond. His sister, Eunice Shriver, telephoned Eizenstat with enthusiastic praise. John White, outgoing chairman of the party's national committee, said he'd endorse the recommendation that elected Democrats be convention delegates. Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan and defeated congressman John Brademas praised the speech in calls to Eizenstat. Four Carter cabinet members and campaign chairman Robert Strauss appeared on the dais with Eizenstat and applauded him. Preferring not to involve Carter directly, Eizenstat didn't show him an early draft. He sent him one of the final copies prepared for the press the night before the speech was delivered. The President sent back a polite note of thanks, without comment.

John Osborne

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Defense begins at home.

A Nation of Barbarians

The reaction of the powerful and well-placed to John Lennon's murder tells more about Americans than all the pop psychology filling the feature pages since the killing. The Kissingers, the Muskies, the Allens, the Jacksons, the whoevers from the Committee on the Present Danger, all of whom have dilated on how low American prestige has sunk, have nothing to say about this assassination. Twelve years ago, our most important religious figure, Christian prophet if you will, was gunned down. Now the madmen are going after the poets, and there's not a word from the people who claim the name "leader" about what events such as this do to our reputation in the world. American strength is seen as American power. How we conduct ourselves, what kind of a society we make and run, what kinds of values are upheld in our daily life—none of that is germane to our reputation in the world.

Jimmy Carter expended more grief, more attention, and more concern on four Catholic missionaries assaulted and murdered in El Salvador than on the more than four times four murdered within walking distance of the White House during the years of his tenancy. Stopped outside the chancery office of the Archdiocese of New York with Cardinal Cooke, Ronald Reagan was able to articulate a perfunctory sound of regret over this bit of national shame, adding, in answer to a question, that he was still against gun control, preferring to handle the problem as it is handled in California, where years are tacked on to the sentence for a crime in which a gun is used. Fine, except that the murder rate in California is not noticeably lower than anywhere else.

The Committee on the Present Danger doesn't understand that the present and proximate danger isn't 10,000 miles away in a Russian silo; it is the beastly biped on the other side of the front hedge. After taking away the taxing power states and localities need to buy elemental protection, our national politicians have spent a trillion dollars to defend the country against the foreign invaders so that we can be murdered by a brute of a burglar when we come home of an evening. The politicians ignore their oaths of office: to defend us against all enemies foreign and domestic, which doesn't mean Gus Hall and the three diabetic G-men he plays gin rummy with.

I have known only one member of the Armed Forces of the United States who died by enemy gunfire. I have known six civilians who have been murdered. I walk around the neighborhood I live in in Washington like a platoon leader during a lull in the fighting, recalling bloody incidents. There is the tavern where the bartender had his head blown off a couple of years ago during a hold-up; it was right on this corner that the pleasant, elderly lady who used to live in the grand stone house at 16th and Corcoran was beaten to death by teenage thugs; over there, the second floor of that converted rowhouse, is where that grisly homosexual murder occurred; and wasn't it in the foyer of that apartment house down the street that Bill's girl friend was raped? Mr. Brzezinski, Mr. Weinberger, don't be telling me about the danger in Hindustan, Kurdistan, Pakistan, Afghanistan.

When I am not scurrying in fright between the white holes cut in the night by the street lamps, I will sympathize with the victims of El Salvadoran tyranny, of the oppression of the Russian intelligentsia by the monsters who run that country. I will hiss the Gang of Four and say hosanna for their being brought to the dock of justice. I will tsk-tsk over news of new firing squads in Korea, North or South. I will applaud anyone who puts a dent in Pol's Pot. I will rise to censure Vietnamese aggression. I will subscribe to a fund for reconstruction of Italian kneecaps. But first, God damn it, doesn't anybody care about my human rights, the human rights of tens of millions of Americans of all races, groupings, and persuasions who are terrorized by criminals who would have been shot on sight for what they do daily if they wore an SS uniform? A few weeks ago there was a large demonstration of women in front of a Philadelphia commuter railroad station because there had been so many rapes in the immediate vicinity. Sure, free Chile from Pinochet, but only after American women have been liberated from the persistent and pervasive fear of criminal assault. Did you hear the radio commercial suggesting you give your girlfriend, your wife, your mother, your sister a little vial of CS50 for Christmas?

THE UNIVERSAL topic of the vulgar, but valuable, pillar of society types used to be real estate. No more. Those same people now are devoting their conversational energy to self-defense. Do you have a gun? Should you have a gun? Would you dare use it? Would you be more likely to shoot yourself or "him"? What are the advantages of a German shepherd versus an alarm system? The dangerous thing is walking from the car to the house. That's why we're so lucky to have a garage with a radio-activated door, although I do worry that there might be someone in there. Is there someone waiting in the house, in the shrubs, at the end of the block? Bars on the windows, bells on the doors, the bastards might cut their way up through the floors.

I recall the night city editor on the *Chicago Daily News* when I was breaking into the business. Whenever the City News Bureau teletype punched out a story about a murder on the South Side, a copyboy would rip it off the machine and give it to the man, who'd shout out: "Just another killing in niggertown." The paper did not print news of black murders. Its well-to-do white readership was safe and disinterested. They had no crime problem. John Stennis, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, was attacked and almost

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killed in front of his house a few years ago. After months of convalescence he finally resumed his seat and the damned fool still spends his time under the assumption that the closest and most dangerous enemies he has are the Russians. The people who run the country lack an elementary sense of self-protection. If they won't protect themselves, how the hell are the rest of us going to find shelter?

Societies are not "natural" things like trees, brooks, and ocean perch. They are made by people and they are made well and run well when people make it their business to look after them day in and day out. Our leaders pass a quickie law and then return to the crisis-of-the-month club in the Horn of Africa. Or they respond with beard-pulling about how this problem doesn't yield itself to quick, simplistic answers—a code phrase for we're not even trying.

There are no quick answers and no complete answers, but there are partial answers, things that can be done. Liberal and conservative politicians both might stop using the gun control issue as a gimmick to raise money and get themselves elected. If the conservatives think control is unconstitutional, fine, but they should be forced to come up with an alternative other than Nancy Reagan's, if only because some elderly ladies can't shoot as straight as she apparently can, or don't sleep with pillows. We could, for instance, pass legislation making civilly liable the manufacturer, wholesaler, and retail seller of any weapon used in a wrongful death or injury. They could be sued for damages just as a bar owner can be sued if he serves the intoxicating drink to the driver in a fatal car accident.

There are endless numbers of things we can do if we apply ourselves. We can begin to revamp our legal-juridical apparatus so it ceases to look like the creation of a malevolent Garry Trudeau or a Molière. I am against capital punishment. But I am even more against a system in which the killer gets to decide if the death sentence is or is not to be carried out. Grotesque, but that is what we have with murderers from time to time consenting to being put in the microwave oven after their agents have worked out the book rights and closed the made-for-TV movie deal.

We have an FBI which issues guidelines for people on its payroll cooperating with murderers, dope dealers, pornographers. In the other direction we have a civil libertarianism that doesn't protect political dissent but is used by crooks of every sort to postpone or evade punishment. The Wilmington 10 serve out their harsh sentences and only then does a court find, almost a decade after the case began, that they were convicted on perjured evidence. At the same time perpetrators of crimes that would make you vomit are protected by rules governing excessive publicity or other technical gibberish, which, though inspired by authentic civil libertarian concerns, aid the guilty and injure the innocent. A group of cops beat a black businessman to death and the only man who probably will go to jail is the police officer who testified against the killers. A system of criminal justice that permits this sort of thing doesn't need to have the kinks smoothed out of it. It needs to be junked.

The conservatives tell us that "the price of freedom" is a homicidal society and in our arrogance we don't look even as far as Canada to see a society that combines individual liberty with individual safety. Perhaps part of the way the Canadians succeed is that they don't have our anything-goes approach to the organs of mass education, meaning the obvious things like TV and the movies, but also the less obvious things like shrinks. For 50 years, the most potent authority figures—"scientists," psychiatrists, psychologists, therapists—have taught us that repression is bad, that self-expression is good no matter how beastly a particular self may be. We live in the reign of King Id, in which health is defined as giving impulse free range and where the old battle between the little angel on one shoulder and the little devil on the other is scoffed at. If it tempts you, do it. "Your honor, I plead innocent by virtue of temporary insanity. I had an urge to do it which I couldn't resist." We no longer ask such a criminal: "You couldn't or wouldn't or didn't resist?" (There are a lot of people in psychiatry who don't preach such malarkey, but it is not their views that are being pushed in the media, in the high school counselor's office, or in those million and a half flyspeck group therapy sessions.)

Either we rid our society of the prevalence of violent crime or we all—liberals, conservatives, anarchists, and socialists—will end up jack-booted reactionaries in fear for our lives. It is a 20-, 30-, 40-year task to be done only by people and politicians who keep at it, who put it before almost everything else. The Americans who are now in their prime or shortly coming into it have been desolated by John Lennon's murder. We can only hope they won't forget, won't get on with life, won't stop mourning. The blood of a poet should not be revenged but consecrated.

Nicholas von Hoffman

Nicholas von Hoffman is a syndicated columnist.

Straightening up the portrait.

Reagan's Cronies

Ronald Reagan's best friends are one another's best friends. Holmes Tuttle, an automobile dealer, and Henry Salvatori, an oil man, knew each other well from Barry Goldwater's presidential campaign, when they asked Reagan to run for governor in California. Tuttle is on the board of directors of Justin Dart's company, Dart and Kraft. Alfred Bloomingdale, who

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started Diner's Club, and Earle Jorgensen, a steel executive, use the same interior decorator that Salvatori does. Nancy Reagan swaps Hollywood stories with Bonita Wrather, who, like Mrs. Reagan, used to be an actress, and who now is married to business executive Jack Wrather. They all eat dinner together a lot.

Holmes Tuttle told the *New York Timies* last May that the group, unofficially known as the "kitchen cabinet," believes in the free enterprise system. "We felt that if it was to be preserved, instead of going around bellyaching about it we should go out and do something about it. We gathered people around who had a common interest and decided to help Ron." Does the common interest lead to excessive homogeneity? William French Smith, Reagan's attorney, who became attorney general last week, doesn't think so. "This group represents a pretty good cross-section of people who are in the spectrum of what you could call [Reagan's]," he told the *Washington Post*. If the irony of this remark was intentional, Smith may have the makings of an amusing attorney general.

In fact, the group is so homogeneous that it is rarely described in newspaper profiles as a collection of individuals. Rather it is described as a collective portrait of the Los Angeles businessman, that self-made maverick who made a huge fortune during the postwar California boom by taking chances that made his timid Wall Street colleagues tremble, and who has lived to a ripe old age without a moment's thought of retiring or naming a successor. This portrait is inaccurate in two particulars.

First, not all the members of the circle are self-made, though Holmes Tuttle told the *New York Times* that they are. Alfred Bloomingdale is the most obvious exception. He is the grandson of the man who founded the Manhattan department store. (The family still owns the building and the land.) Bloomingdale played football at Brown, where he graduated in 1938, then went to work at the store, which, though no longer family-owned, was still friendly to Bloomingdales. He soon tired of the work and went into show business as an agent and producer. In 1946 he married a California-born woman, Betty Lee Newling, who persuaded him to settle in Los Angeles. Four years later, Bloomingdale started Diner's Club, the first major credit card company, and made the Bloomingdale family a second fortune.

A similar path was taken by Jack Wrather. Wrather inherited the family oil business, sold it, then became a TV producer and, ultimately, chairman of the Wrather Corporation, whose holdings have included Musak, Inc., the Disneyland Hotel, "Lassie," "The Lone Ranger," and a lease on the *Queen Mary*. Bloomingdale and Wrather belong to the George Bush school of self-made men. Like Bush, who left a wealthy home in Connecticut and made a wealthier one in Texas, they started with advantages that made their subsequent successes less startling.

Justin Dart also started with advantages not commonly enjoyed by self-made men. He was educated at a Pennsylvania prep school and at Northwestern University and, most important, married Ruth Walgreen, heiress of a successful Chicago drug store chain. Still, Dart made uncommonly good use of these advantages. His term at Walgreen, where he became director within five years, outlasted his marriage by two. He joined Rexall Drugs as vice president and director in 1941, persuading the company to move from Boston to California, and became president the following year. In 1946 the company became Dart Industries, whose holdings came to include Duracell and the enormously successful Tupperware, and which merged last September with Kraft. Dart is probably the most successful and powerful member of the Reagan circle, if not quite the "bootstrap pioneer" the *New York Times* described in 1975.

Henry Salvatori and Earle Jorgensen are closer to what the *Times* had in mind. Both were sons of poor immigrants. Salvatori grew up on the Lower East Side of Manhattan, worked his way through the University of Pennsylvania and Columbia University, and eventually founded Western Geophysical, an oil company later absorbed by Litton Industries. (Salvatori was director of the latter until 1967.) Jorgensen grew up in San Francisco, never went to college, and founded Jorgensen Steel in 1920, when he was 22. He is now 82, and still chief executive officer and chairman of the board of what has become one of the biggest steel companies in America. Salvatori and Jorgensen are genuinely self-made men.

THE SECOND inaccuracy in the collective portrait of the kitchen cabinet lies in the exaggeration of the difference between the west coast maverick and the Wall Street company man. Things may have been different in the boom years of the 1950s, but in recent years the maverick has tended either to be a bit more careful or to lose money, his job, or both. Although Henry Salvatori claims that the result of the recent influx of eastern businessmen to California is that "they change their ways—we don't change ours," there is more evidence to the contrary.

The merger of Kraft and Dart is a case in point. Dart has long had the reputation of a man who follows his instincts and tries his luck. A number of unlucky investments resulted, including a disastrous 1970 resort development venture that led to two class action suits alleging unfair sales practices. But a lucky acquisition—that of Tupperware in 1958—was so successful that the conglomerate remained strong. The success, Dart fears, will not continue. "We're already in 35 countries," he told *Fortune* last July. "Where do we go next—Poland?" The merger with Kraft, whose sales have increased 7.4 percent annually over the past five years (compared to Dart Industries' 14.5 percent) would result in "diversification, security, stability," Dart said. On June 8, the *New York Times*, reporting on the merger, emphasized that John M. Richman, chair-

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man of Kraft, was a "Harvard-trained" businessman. Dart, according to Pamela G. Hollie, "has come to recognize that a corporation the size of Dart Industries, with 1979 earnings of $72 million, cannot be run on whim."

The value of the collective portrait of the Los Angeles businessman is not that the kitchen cabinet conforms to it, but that it tends to suit the members' view of themselves. That may be why Holmes Tuttle described every member of the group as "self-made." It may also explain why Justin Dart's name appears 20 times on the outside of the company headquarters on Beverly Boulevard, in contrast to the pretentiously discreet lettering on Wall Street facades. It almost certainly explains the confident, stand-tall way these men express their opinions. After the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, Justin Dart advised Ronald Reagan, in the presence of an LA journalist, to call for the Marines to be sent in. Dart might cite this as an example of what he calls "intestinal fortitude," but it is merely recklessness of the sort that makes one wonder whether Reagan's circle has, through its homogeneity of ideals, lost touch with the large group of people who take exception to that kind of talk. Henry Salvatori sees no need to recognize even other views in his own (Republican) party: "I don't know what 'moderate' means," he says, "but conservatism has taken over." The realities of life and business have come between these men and the ideal of the self-made maverick. Now they must look past the ideal to find out what "moderate" means.

Timothy Noah

Timothy Noah is a former intern at *TNR*.

Reagan's foolish pragmatism.

Are Human Rights Passé?

The word is out. Human rights has had its day. It is about as popular among the honchos of the incoming administration as an excess profits tax or a gun control law. All that tiresome stuff about censorship, repression, and torture. Who needs it? Hopelessly 1960s, as the Reaganites would say.

Some of the upwardly mobile members of Reagan's entourage—an assortment of hooky-playing professors, retired colonels, and former spooks—have been wandering around Central America lately, spreading the word that the president-elect has had it up to here with human rights. No more need to coddle Commies, they report. By Commies they appear to mean everyone to the left of the late Anastasio Somoza. And to back up their message they have put together a hit list of American ambassadors they intend to deep-six on January 20. A key criterion for inclusion among what the list-makers scornfully refer to as "social reformers" is a displayed softness toward human rights.

Right up at the top, naturally, are our beleaguered envoys in Nicaragua and El Salvador, Lawrence Pezzullo and Robert White. Their sin was to suggest that the way to preserve American interests in revolutionary societies was to work with reformers, even leftists, rather than automatically to side with the far right. Among the ideological purists now streaming into Washington this is considered soft-headed, if not vaguely treacherous.

The clearest signal of the new mood, however, was that flashed last month in Latin America by Mr. Finance Capitalism himself, David Rockefeller. Stopping in Buenos Aires, on a sortie that also took him to Paraguay, Chile, and Brazil, the chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank told an enthusiastic assemblage of government and business leaders that the Reagan administration would not bug them on human rights. The incoming president would "deal with the world as it is," he declared pointedly. This in a city where government-condoned kidnapping and torture of suspected dissidents recently led a fact-finding committee of the Organization of American States to describe the situation as "state terrorism."

The message was hardly necessary, though Rockefeller understandably got carried away with enthusiasm for the kind of good business climate the Latin American juntas have provided. One can understand the exasperation of certain Latin regimes at the departing Carter administration. Its human rights policy, though often halting and hypocritically selective, nonetheless did manage to restrain some of the worst offenders and even saved a good many lives. Those efforts now apparently are going to be superseded by a new "realism" that calls for learning to love your friendly dictator.

The boys are already champing at the bit. In Haiti young "Baby Doc" Duvalier, son and heir of the late hatchet man, has just slammed the lid down on the press. Journalists critical of the regime—one of the hemisphere's nastiest and most venal—have been silenced and jailed after a brief period of greater press freedom induced by US pressure. Baby Doc and the military officers behind the throne got the message that it was all right to clamp down, and that they would have nothing to fear from the new administration in the way of an aid cut-off.

The message also has been spread to El Salvador, carried personally by several members of Reagan's transition team. There the Carter administration's strategy of backing the military junta as a way of blocking either a right-wing or left-wing takeover has broken down almost completely. The far right, emboldened by the prospect of a friend in the White House,

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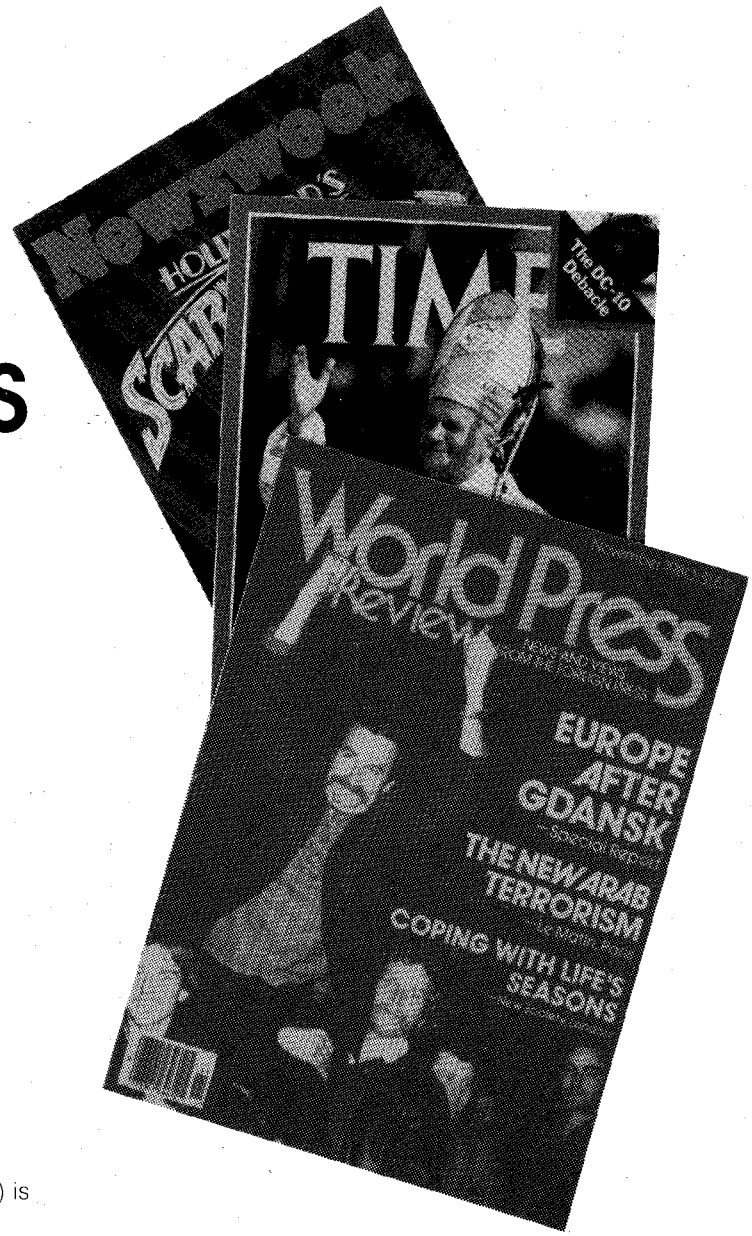

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is moving to wipe out all opposition and seize full control of the junta. The kidnap-murder of six left-wing political leaders by a rightist death squad, some of whom wore the uniform of the Salvadoran National Guard, was designed to prevent a compromise truce between left-wing guerrillas and the junta. And the brazen assassination of three American nuns was a clear attempt to undercut Ambassador White's truce efforts and to test the limits of Washington's tolerance.

The combination of a lame duck US administration whose mandate is running out fast, and an incoming administration that would like the benefits of a rightist coup without the responsibility of officially blessing it, offers an irresistible opportunity to Salvadoran right-wing extremists. Rather than toppling the current junta, which for months has been moving steadily to the right, it may simply choose to capture it from within by expelling the few remaining centrist and liberal members. In either case its objective is to present Washington with a *fait accompli* by January 20, which the Reagan administration can accept in the name of realism.

CENTRAL AMERICA gives every sign of being the new stamping ground of the cold war fundamentalists now grouping around Reagan. These people, with their Manichean view of a world divided between the forces of light and darkness, are not only anti-communist, but anti-Marxist, anti-leftist, and even anti-liberal. Indeed they often seem to view liberalism as a way station on the road to communism. In so doing, of course, they not only give the Communists credit they do not deserve, but polarize politics. By defining the choice as that between right-wing repression and left-wing violence, they contribute to that condition. This in turn serves to justify their support of the far right, with which they are already ideologically atune.

This approach sometimes is justified in the name of realism, which is what it is not. It is not realism to equate liberals with Communists. That is simply to undermine the center and push reformers toward the extremes. Nor is it realism to maintain, as many fundamentalists do, that the United States has a vital interest in the political orientation of every government on the planet. That is simply paranoid globalism of the kind that should have been put to rest, but apparently was not, by the follies of the Vietnam War.

What the fundamentalists learned from Vietnam, however, was that there are some places where you can use force to get what you want (or at least try to), and other places where it is too dangerous. Intervention in Poland is not only dangerous, but likely would mean a full-scale entry into World War III. Nobody is advising that. The Persian Gulf, though indisputably a vital interest, is an area where—fantasies of the Rapid Deployment Force notwithstanding—no one has been able to figure out an effective use of American power.

Thus the inestimable beauty of the third world. For us, as for the Russians, it offers a perfect forum for manipulation and covert intervention. The view of third world countries as places where American "will" and "credibility" could be demonstrated was not invented by think-tank fundamentalists. Henry Kissinger practiced it for years in Vietnam, Cambodia, and Chile, and would have done so in Angola if Congress had let him. The incoming Congress probably would.

Central America is, in a sense, our Eastern Europe. It is the one area where the American presence, even if not exercised militarily, can determine the course of events. Carter's decision to let Somoza go, like Eisenhower's 20 years ago with Batista in Cuba, allowed the Sandinistas to topple a hated dictator. Both decisions were in line with fundamental American values. What happened later in Cuba in large part was due to Washington's mismanagement, and its inflation of a nuisance into an obsession. The Carter team, with considerable subtlety, has tried to learn from that lesson in Nicaragua, and with less success in El Salvador.

Those who claim to speak for Reagan are now trying to turn that policy around, to offer unqualified support to any Latin regime, however repressive, so long as it is on "our" side. Their rationale is an old one: better to stick with the far right than to take chances with a wobbly middle or an unfriendly left. John F. Kennedy expressed it perfectly in 1963 with regard to the Dominican Republic. "There are three possibilities in descending order of preference: a decent democratic regime, a continuation of the Trujillo regime, or a Castro regime. We ought to aim at the first, but we really can't renounce the second until we are sure that we can avoid the third."

As it turned out, the alternatives were not so stark. They rarely are. The US took a chance on a moderately democratic regime in Santo Domingo. It is still in power. This is what the Carter administration has been trying to do in Central America today. The results have been mixed. But Carter's choices in Central America have been limited. To back repressive regimes on the far right would merely polarize situations always in danger of splitting between two extremes. It would make Marxists the only effective alternative to the extreme right and ensure that change, when it came, would be virulently anti-American.

To this the Reaganites have an answer: in Central America the United States has the power to maintain its "friends" in power. Throughout this century every regime in the area has governed with Washington's blessing. They may have been brutal, repressive, and rapacious, but at least they were ours. We have the power to make sure there are compliant regimes in the area, it is said. Why should we settle for anything less?

The answer is clear enough. Such a policy, brutal and cynical as it is, could be justified only if American security were vitally involved. This is not the case and never has been. Central America's importance to this

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country is entirely symbolic. We have viewed it as a protectorate for so many years that any political change that does not have our sanction seems intolerable. This is a self-delusion we can no longer tolerate. There are vital areas on which our security hinges. Central America is not one of them. Nor, for that matter, is Cuba, and it is time we broke that obsession.

Further, it must be said that we no longer have the power to dictate a political settlement in Central America. The old balance has been undermined too much to be restored simply by US support for the extreme right. If the left has nowhere to turn for support but to Cuba and the Soviet Union, that is where it will turn. Then the polarization that our own fundamentalists already see will have taken place precisely because of their own actions. Theirs will have been a self-fulfilling prophecy.

There are no easy answers in Central America. Decades of oppression, with US approval and complicity, have triggered forces that cannot be contained easily. This is an area which, like Mexico nearly three-quarters of a century ago, is going to have to go through its own social revolution. What happens there cannot affect American security. But an obsessive effort by Washington to prop up rightist dictatorships likely will lead to civil war and decades of turbulence. The false assumptions of our Vietnam disaster should not be forgotten so easily.

What if, to raise the liberals' dilemma, there is no middle ground? What if the choice is between a Somoza and a Cuban-backed Sandinista movement? Several weeks ago a *TNR* editorial concluded that in such a case the US, in its own interest, would have no choice but to back Somoza ("Rights and Reagan," *TNR*, November 29). That, to my mind, is both a serious misreading of American interests and a prime example of how, when the chips are down, so many liberals collapse into the arms of the militant right. The anti-liberalism of the right is at least a coherent position. What so often passes for liberalism is merely expediency tempered by wishful thinking.

A concern for human rights is not a sentimental self-indulgence for a country like the United States. Rather it is a direct expression of its basic values and a realization of where its true interests lie. Those who claim to speak for president-elect Reagan are doing him, and the nation, no service by promoting rightist dictatorships and viewing with bemused indifference flagrant abuses of human rights by allied regimes. Politics makes strange bedfellows, and we cannot, it is true, always choose our friends.

But we can choose some of them, and we can help them avoid mistakes likely to be disastrous to them, and to our own interests as well. One hopeful sign is that Reagan's foreign policy advisers have warned the South Korean government against carrying out the death sentence imposed upon the liberal opposition leader, Kim Dae Jung. The reason is not sentimental. Kim's execution on the trumped-up charges brought against him could trigger the uprising, or a North Korean incursion, that Seoul and Washington both fear.

There are other areas, too, where any US administration, however avowedly rightist, cannot express a disinterest in human rights abuses. Among them is South Africa. The stakes there are too high to indulge in such misanthropy. Only in Central and South America is it still possible to maintain the illusion that America's security and well-being can be anchored on a contemptuous disregard for the miseries of others. The reason why such disregard is pharisaical is, of course, because right-wing regimes can be influenced by American pressure. In some cases they remain in power only at American sufferance.

A realpolitik that fails to take human rights into account is not tough-headed; it's just simple-minded.

Ronald Steel

On the Hill

Christmas Presents

For the past two weeks Congress has been dishing out enough Christmas cheer to warm the hearts of an army of lobbyists. It's the post-election holiday extravaganza, in which retiring and returning legislators alike do their best to use the obscurities of the legislative process to pay off old debts—by juggling with taxpayers' money, of course. The vehicle for these indulgences is the Christmas tree bill—usually an appropriation or tax measure upon which legislators can hang all kinds of special interest goodies, germane or non-germane. Sometimes only the direct benefactor of a custom-tailored tax break amendment, or "research" appropriation, or regulatory subclause, knows the true luster of the ornament.

I've been assembling my own version of the 96th Congress's Christmas gift list, and, courtesy of the *Congressional Record* plus a couple of alert gallery correspondents, I've found a few old favorites, and some unexpected (and perhaps unintended) surprises among this year's party favors:

The Lawn Mower Reprieve. For the past seven years, the Consumer Product Safety Commission has been investigating the safety of lawn mowers. In February 1979 it issued a compulsory federal safety standard for the machines, intended to cut injuries to the public. All manufacturers were ordered to convert to this standard by December 1981.

The lawn mower industry fought this bitterly. They sought and repeatedly were denied more time from the government. They took the CPSC to court to get a delay. But a five-member federal appeals court unani-

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mously ruled that the CPSC had every right to stick to its intended regulatory timetable.

But the CPSC, which thought the court had settled the issue, had not counted on the good will of Representative Lawrence Coughlin, a conservative Pennsylvania Republican, and an even more unlikely Senate Santa, William Proxmire. Coughlin was the ranking House minority member and Proxmire the senior Senate majority member of the House-Senate Conference Committee, which approved the CPSC's 1981 budget appropriations bill three weeks ago. But before letting the bill out of conference, Coughlin proposed, and Proxmire endorsed, an amendment to the bill specifically delaying for another six months (until June 1982) the implementation of the CPSC's lawn mower rule. Irritated CPSC officials can't explain Coughlin's interest, but they believe Senator Proxmire has "eight or nine" lawn mower factories in his state.

The Thor Power Tool Exemption. Despite what you might think, this high-class giveaway has nothing to do with chain saws and everything to do with books. Last year, in a case involving power tools, the Supreme Court made a controversial tax ruling that the valuation of warehouse inventories could not be depreciated for tax reasons unless the stock was actually sold at reduced prices. The IRS then decided to apply this tax principle to any and all categories of inventory, including the moldy, unsold stock of book publishers. There ensued a wailing from the publishing community; publishers moaned that not being able to take traditional depreciation allowances for inventories would force them to print fewer books in the future—to avoid the chance of overstocking—and to permit titles to go out of print earlier.

FIRST TO come to the rescue was Senator William Armstrong, a Colorado Republican. He proposed an amendment to the continuing appropriations resolution effectively overturning the Supreme Court ruling and returning unsold inventory "write-downs" for all businesses. But Treasury reported that this would cost two billion dollars in revenue. Ohio senator Howard Metzenbaum, who has been portraying himself as something of a professional Scrooge for singlehandedly refusing to allow the Senate to adopt many of the Christmas tree ornaments by unanimous consent, objected to Armstrong's proposal, and, temporarily, it died.

But along came that intellectual argonaut, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan. He proposed a Thor Power Tool tax break amendment that would apply only to book publishers' inventories. Treasury said this would cost only $50 million in lost revenue. Scrooge Metzenbaum found himself the butt of an intense lobbying campaign from the publishing industry, and was personally telephoned by John Hersey, Kurt Vonnegut, and Bernard Malamud, who urged him not to oppose Moynihan's proposal. Metzenbaum relented and the amendment eventually passed.

The Gasohol Gambit. This little package was assembled by Senator Robert Dole, chairman-designate of the Senate Finance Committee, with able assists from outgoing Senate Finance boss Russell Long and outgoing House tax czar Al Ullman. The gasohol gambit involved an amendment—tacked on to a critical but very obscure budget reconciliation bill—placing a special 40-cent-a-gallon tariff on imported Brazilian ethanol, used in the petroleum-saving mixture, gasohol. The argument for the tariff was that the dastardly Brazilians were undercutting the price of US-produced ethanol by 30 to 40 cents a gallon, thus making it difficult for a full-blown American ethanol industry to develop.

BUT THE special trade representative's office went on the record in opposition to the tariff, saying there was "no evidence" that alcohol imports were "hindering" the development of a domestic ethanol industry. Alfred Kahn publicly declared that the ethanol tariff would "seriously hurt American consumers" (by pushing up gasohol prices by as much as four cents a gallon over the next three years). The Justice Department's Sanford Litvack, head of antitrust enforcement, also cryptically commented that the proposed tariff could "possibly enhance the ability of domestic producers to engage in anticompetitive activity."

Some modest research disclosed the following information: that the Department of Energy estimates that 80 percent of all domestic fuel alcohol is produced by one company—Archer Daniels Midland, an agribusiness conglomerate of Decatur, Illinois; that Archer Daniels Midland's political action committee gave a $5,000 donation in January to Senator Dole's abortive presidential primary campaign, and also gave $2,000 in contributions to Senator Long and $1,000 to Representative Ullman; and that Archer Daniels Midland chairman Dwayne Andreas has been involved in previous controversies involving campaign funds, including a criminal indictment (and subsequent acquittal) on charges of giving illegal contributions to the late Hubert Humphrey (an Andreas contribution ended up in the bank account of Watergate burglar Bernard Barker).

Retiring Ohio congressman Charlie Vanik, one of Congress's top tariff legislators, refused to sign the conference report containing the gasohol tariff, declaring, "I wash my hands of the matter." Vanik later muttered ominously about his inclination to believe that "the contributions had a great deal to do" with the otherwise quick progress of the gasohol measure through Congress. The final amendment was approved in both Houses by a wide margin. Senator Dole complained in a floor speech that his character was being impugned by unnamed individuals and inserted in the record several letters from small farmers saying how helpful the gasohol tariff would be to them.

The Betting Coup. This could have been one of the

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most elegantly fashioned congressional Christmas ornaments, but it didn't work out that way. It started with a minor House trade bill that would have suspended US Customs duty on an organ that was being imported by a church in Connecticut. When the bill moved to the Senate Finance Committee, however, Senator Howard Cannon added to the bill an amendment freeing private sports betting companies—such as Las Vegas bookies in his home state of Nevada—from a federal excise tax on wagers. This time Senator Metzenbaum insisted on playing the spoiler by refusing to allow the measure to pass the Senate by unanimous consent, and Cannon's staff now admit the betting tax maneuver is dead for this session. The Connecticut church, however, should get its Christmas reward: the suspension of duty measure for the church organ was attached to another bill.

The Buy-American Bonanza. In an effort to "protect" American companies and jobs from the proverbial cheap foreign imports, there was inserted in the 1978 Urban Mass Transit act a "Buy American" clause. This clause had two provisions. The first says that for any mass transit system built with more than $500,000 in federal money, "substantially all" of the components have to be bought from American suppliers and assembled in the US. The law's second provision is that in bidding for their guaranteed share of mass transit contracts, American companies can charge up to 10 percent more than their foreign competitors for the same items.

DESPITE these advantages, over the past five years all but one American manufacturer of one of the most expensive kinds of mass transit equipment—rail rapid transit cars—have gone out of the subway car business. So in order to allow transit planners to get the best deal for the dollar they are spending on foreign-made subway cars, the Transportation Department has interpreted the "substantially all" portion of the "Buy American" clause to mean 50 percent. But that was only until Representative James Oberstar, Democrat of Minnesota, and Senator John Heinz, Republican of Pennsylvania, came into the story.

Heinz was the first to suggest a generous change in the Buy American provision. Last summer he proposed that the "substantially all" clause be changed so that 70 percent of federally subsidized mass transit equipment would have to be bought from American manufacturers. In the House, Representative Oberstar wanted the proportion increased to 75 percent. Both legislators also thought the American companies ought to have an even greater "inflation" allowance. So they proposed that American companies be allowed to charge 15 percent—or an extra five percent—more than their foreign rivals for the same equipment.

When the matter reached the House floor as an Oberstar amendment to a last-minute urban mass transit bill, Oberstar was willing to accept a compromise 50 percent Buy American requirement for federally subsidized purchases. On the five percent rise in the American manufacturers' inflation allowance, however, Oberstar was adamant, leading Charlie Vanik to complain that the bill would invite retaliation from European trading partners. Representative Jim Jeffords remarked that the bill was downright inflationary. The bill passed the House anyway, 250-107.

Oddly enough, congressional sources say that one of the major beneficiaries of the improved Buy American clause, the Budd Company of Detroit and Philadelphia (Senator Heinz's district)—the only remaining subway car manufacturer in the US—was not heavily involved in lobbying either Oberstar or Heinz. The real lobbying support for the bill apparently came from the Steelworkers Union and the predictably nationalistic AFL-CIO. But the bill did not pass without one other interesting disclosure from critic Jeffords. He pointed out that Budd Company, while its plants may be located in the US, is a wholly owned subsidiary of Thyssen AG, the giant West German steel combine.

Sugar and Spice: Senator Bill Bradley of New Jersey introduced a tax amendment that would give the National Biscuit Company a $10 million tax break by allowing it to write off certain foreign assets. Senator Paul Sarbanes, Democrat of Maryland, amended the Agriculture Department's budget to include a special two million dollar appropriation to pay for the extermination of an Indian beetle which had infested a Baltimore bag factory and two McCormick and Company spice plants in the Maryland port.

Over 150 Christmas tree ornaments were proposed for attachment to various Senate bills alone. Senator Metzenbaum made a major play to the gallery by challenging dozens of the proposals point by point. He even got a Charles Osgood broadcast on CBS radio praising him with faint damns for his Scrooge-like attitudes.

But even the greatest warriors sometimes fall to temptation. At an obscure moment during an appropriations debate, Metzenbaum offered an unprinted amendment setting aside $3.5 million in federal funds to bail out an uncompleted garbage recycling plant in Akron. (Metzenbaum's staff claimed, of course, that the project was worthy and the bail-out was only necessary because of a bureaucratic foul-up.) This time Metzenbaum was shot down by a fellow gadfly—Senator Proxmire, who during floor debate got Metzenbaum to agree to delete any requirement that the $3.5 million go directly to Akron, and who then got the $3.5 million taken out of the appropriations bill altogether. Metzenbaum's aides said they didn't know about "Prox's" little gift for the lawn mower manufacturers, but they were grateful to me for telling them.

Mark Hosenball

Mark Hosenball is a Washington reporter for Fairchild Publications.

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Eavesdropping on the Politburo, November 27, 1980.

Poland on the Table

by Walter Laqueur

Brezhnev: Comrades, once again we must devote our meeting to events in Poland. Ever since the Polish government increased the price of meat last July by 100 percent there has been labor unrest throughout Poland. You recall the strikes in Gdansk and other Baltic ports in August; the protests against food shortages and high prices soon turned into a political movement. The so-called free trade unions came into being. You know the rest of the story. Gierek had to go but it seems that Kania will be no more successful. The concessions made by the Polish leadership to the workers are intolerable. We have received urgent calls from Prague and East Berlin to take action. We have been waiting patiently for five months in the hope that the Polish leadership would be able to cope with the situation but this seems less certain than ever. Which means that sooner or later it will be up to us to restore order in Warsaw. The when and how remain to be discussed. I am calling on Dmitri Fyodorovich to give us a short review of the military preparations.

Marshall Ustinov: We have concentrated 40 divisions. Our basic consideration is that the greater our superiority, the better the chance that there won't be any resistance. We have mobilized military districts two, three, five, six, and seven [Riga, Minsk, Lvov, Odessa, and Kiev]. Of our units in East Germany three divisions each of the First and Third Tank Guard Army, two divisions each of the Eighth and 28th Guard Army will take part.

Brezhnev: (interrupts him) The technical details are unnecessary at this stage. What about our Warsaw Pact partners?

Ustinov: It is, of course, crucial that they participate. But they will be represented by very small units. One Czech and Hungarian division, some Bulgarian medical units, some East Germans.

Suslov: East Germans?

Ustinov: They will provide naval support in the Baltic Sea. We don't want to have them in physical contact with the Polish population. It should all be over in three or four days.

Rashidov: How long did it take in 1939?

Ustinov: Ten days, but conditions were different.

Brezhnev: Yuri Vladimirovich, what are the most recent intelligence reports? Will there be any resistance on the part of the Polish army?

Andropov (KGB): No Pole likes us. But Jaruzelski, the minister of defense, can be relied upon and the senior commanders also know that resistance is hopeless. The Polish troops will be confined to barracks. They will have no ammunition. We cannot be equally certain with regard to junior commanders—some hotheads among them may want to fight. They will be taught a lesson. I agree with Dmitri Fyodorovich: if all goes well it should be over in three or four days. Substantial forces will have to be parachuted into Poland. Things may go wrong in this early stage, but there can be no doubt about the final result.

Tikhonov: Yuri Vladimirovich, what about the guerrilla warfare and terrorism? And how shall we prevent passive resistance? What if there will be a mass strike? Do we have a plan?

Ustinov: We try to prepare for all eventualities. Some terrorism probably will occur. It will be a nuisance but of no great consequence. It will be more difficult to cope with strikes and passive resistance. We intend to arrest immediately all the leading oppositionists, trade union leaders, etc. All the key factories will be seized and above all the radio and television stations, the telephone exchanges, newspaper offices, and so on. Internal communication in Poland will be totally disrupted. Poles in Gdansk no longer will be able to contact those in Warsaw, so that it should be impossible to organize a country-wide resistance movement. There will be strict censorship, and all foreign correspondents will be thrown out within 48 hours. There will be some resistance but it will be sporadic and won't amount to much.

Suslov: Comrades, I want to raise a basic question before we continue to discuss the details of our intervention. Has a decision been taken to engage in a military operation? The question has been left open so far. No one is opposed in principle, needless to say, but we are also aware of possible complications. No one will suspect me of excessive softness. I have given the Polish leaders a dressing down they will not easily forget. Their weakness has been unforgivable. But my question is this: have all other means short of military intervention been exhausted? Comrades, none of us is

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a young man. We know from long experience that it is easy to start an operation of this kind, but there are always unpleasant surprises. Even Afghanistan did not go as smoothly as we thought.

Chernenko: Mikhail Andreevich has a point. Poland is not Czechoslovakia. It won't be that easy. Nor can we resettle 30 million Poles in Siberia or Central Asia.

Kunayev: I hope not.

Chernenko: (continues) They always hated us; they always will hate us. Military intervention will make it worse. It should be a matter of last resort. The country has to be pacified, of course, but why should we always do the dirty work? And why should we pay the Polish debts?

Brezhnev: May I assure Mikhail Andreevich that a final decision has not yet been made. We are talking about emergency measures and our capability to take them. To be utterly frank, I am pessimistic. I wish the Polish leadership could take decisive action. But the Polish party has virtually ceased to exist. Who will act if we don't? Do you trust the Czechs and the East Germans? Or the Hungarians? In a decisive situation, I am sorry to say, only our Russian people can be relied upon.

Rashidov: Leonid Ilich, I take exception.

Brezhnev: I didn't mean it that way. We all remember Czechoslovakia; we waited patiently for nine months. The first weeks after the intervention were difficult; today it is perfectly calm. They have not given us any trouble.

Romanov: But we had to station five divisions there permanently.

Brezhnev: So we shall station 15 divisions in Poland. We cannot afford to lose it.

Romanov: The issue is not whether something should be done or not. But at this moment there still is a great deal of elbow room between the extremes of doing nothing (which we all agree is impossible) and moving into Poland in strength. Why not send a few divisions into Poland to carry out combined maneuvers with the Polish army? It will stiffen the backbone of the Polish party.

Ustinov: Comrades, a decision cannot be postponed for very long. We have concentrated, as I said, 40 divisions; they are no longer in their quarters and this is winter. We cannot keep them in the fields and the forests indefinitely.

Brezhnev: We lived in worse conditions in 1942 and the Germans were shooting at us in addition. (He relates some anecdotes from World War II. General assent.) The convenience of our troops, important as it is, cannot dictate our decisions. There is no quarrel between me and Mikhail Andreevich. We agree that we never shall give up Poland, that the Poles will always hate us for it, and that order in Poland must be restored. The only question is what to do about it now. I agree, the Polish party should have a last chance. Any practical suggestions?

Grishin: Our media have been far too soft-spoken. There should be more information about the activities of the enemies of detente. The Czech and East German media have been far less restrained in this respect. Yesterday the Czechs had a terrific story about an American newspaper called *Niu Republik*, according to which the US provides Poland with special terms hoping that closer contacts with the West will lead to gradual liberalization. Our newspapers and the radio should publish similar stories.

(Brezhnev turns to his secretary and asks him to find out who wrote the Czech story about *Niu Republik*. After a few minutes the secretary returns and says it was written by one Miroslav Zizka. Brezhnev informs the Politburo.)

Suslov: It must be a grandson of the man whose skin was used for the drums of the Hussite armies. (General hilarity).

Rashidov: Can't we have a story about the arrival of Chinese divisions in Poland? (Interruptions and objections.)

Kunayev: I remember there was a story in our media on the eve of the Czech affair in 1968 according to which an enormous cache of arms was discovered near the German border. It had a great impact at the time. There should be a similar story now so that our people will realize the magnitude of the danger.

Suslov: Comrade Kunayev, there can be no such story now because Poland's border is with East Germany, not West Germany.

Kunayev: East Germany, West Germany, it was a good story.

Brezhnev: Comrades, we are discussing a serious subject. I am calling for a 10-minute tea break.

(After 10-minute break, Brezhnev resumes.)

Brezhnev: I need not introduce Comrade Rusakov—all of you know him well. As secretary of our Central Committee he has been in charge of relations with the socialist countries for many years. He will give us a short background report about the situation in Poland and the various options as he sees them. Go ahead, Kostya.

Rusakov: The strike fever in Poland has abated. There is hardly any unrest. The country is relatively quiet. But the anti-socialist forces supported by Western imperialism continue to pursue their counterrevolutionary aims, they want to destabilize Poland's socialist statehood. . . .

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Brezhnev: Kostya, this kind of language is not befitting a meeting of the Politburo. We are among ourselves, you can speak freely. You are not writing an editorial for *Pravda*.

Rusakov: We are not dealing with a handful of dissenters, as in Moscow, but with the great majority of a people. They talk about abolishing censorship! The UB [Polish secret police] is still intact, but even they are reluctant to take stern measures. Or, to be precise, the Poles are no longer afraid. They suspect the party and all state organizations. The party is deeply demoralized on every level. It has lost its self-confidence. But for this horrible moral disintegration, it should not be too difficult to restore order. There is a great deal of internal strife in *Solidarność*; KOR [the main political opposition group] suspects Moczulski [head of another, smaller opposition group]. We have our agents in the opposition camp; it should not be difficult to deepen the existing conflicts, to fan the rivalries, to incite one group against the other, to win over some of the opposition militants, to discredit and isolate the others. But under the present circumstances this would not necessarily lead to stabilization. The UB cannot run the country; the Polish army perhaps could put down street demonstrations, but it can't make the workers work. I'm afraid the Poles will have to swallow some bitter medicine.

Pelshe: If the Polish workers won't work, they won't get any loans from us. Let them starve for a while, and they'll see reason soon enough. One of our experts told me yesterday that per capita meat consumption in Poland is still higher than in our country. And they dare to strike in protest. It is scandalous!

Tikhonov: Comrade Rusakov, can you say anything about the patriotic cadres in the Polish party? I mean those like Bilak and Strugal in Czechoslovakia who are willing to collaborate with us.

Rusakov: There are not a few of them, especially in the middle and higher echelons of the party. They know perfectly well that they will lose their jobs if the workers get their way, if a new political order emerges. But they cannot come out openly at present, not in the present political climate.

Tikhonov: If Kania fails and if we have to move in, whom would you appoint in his place?

Rusakov: Stefan Olszowski. Many of you have met him. His last official position was that of foreign minister. He worked his way up in the party apparatus, was regional secretary, district secretary, proved himself as director of the Polish media during a critical period in 1968-69. He is quite young, not yet 50, clever, and above all, ambitious. He has cultivated a "liberal" image inasmuch as he supports economic reforms. But we need not be unduly worried: he is against concessions in the political field and other such nonsense.

Romanov: Why not General Moczar?

Rusakov: (slightly hesitating) We certainly should use him in a leading role. He is exactly the kind of man who could smash the opposition. He has shown that he is tough on various occasions—in the early 1950s and again in the 1960s. The Yids have not forgiven him. He appears as a Polish patriot, but again, this need not worry us; he is quite reliable as far as we are concerned. Since he was in disgrace under Gierek his prestige now is higher than that of other Polish party leaders which, unfortunately, is not saying much. But I don't think he can be number one.

Romanov: Why not? Is there anything wrong with him?

Rusakov: Comrade Andropov knows more about this than I do. There are rumors, probably more than mere rumors. Moczar has three different official biographies which contradict each other, and I am told that none is quite true.

Sherbitski: Couldn't we have a team consisting of Olszowski, Moczar, and Jaruzelski, the minister of defense?

Rusakov: I don't know. Olszowski and Moczar have cooperated in the past but both are extremely ambitious, and sooner or later they will clash.

Sherbitski: Not necessarily a bad thing from our point of view.

Brezhnev: Comrades, we know from our own experience that these dvoikas and troikas do not really work for any length of time. (Laughter.)

Brezhnev: I am now calling on comrades Gromyko and Ponomaryov to report on the probable reactions abroad and among other Communist parties in case we shall be compelled to take drastic measures. Andrei Andreevich, your turn first.

Gromyko: There will be a considerable outcry, protests, and denunciations, but nothing very serious. We may even be censured by the United Nations, though I doubt whether they will dare to mention us by name.

Family Life Experiment

As part of its policy of working to strengthen the role of the family in American life, *The New Republic* will not publish next week (January 3) so that *TNR* staff members may spend the holiday season with their loved ones. A report on our findings will appear in a future issue. Best holiday wishes from all of us to all of our readers.

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(Laughter.) It will be the usual appeal about the need to respect the sovereignty of all independent nations, and then there will be another crisis and in a few months Poland will be forgotten.

Brezhnev: Be a little more specific.

Gromyko: Much depends on how the operation is carried out. If it is completed in a few days, there is nothing to fear. If it drags on and if there should be resistance, there may be complications. The Europeans will register deep concern and emphatic protests, President Giscard d'Estaing will say again that it is "unacceptable," they will make remonstrances, their editorials will be scathing. And at the same time they'll send us unofficial messages that detente has to go on at any price.

Grishin: Will there be an economic boycott?

Gromyko: Probably, under American pressure, they will stop certain exports. But their businessmen will argue that they suffer more from a boycott than we do; within a year, probably much earlier, it will be over. As for what they call technology transfer, this won't be affected at all. (Laughter.)

Ustinov: Is there a danger that they will increase defense spending?

Gromyko: They did not do it after Czechoslovakia, so why should they do so now? As far as they are concerned this is a purely domestic affair, a defensive action on our part. The Europeans are sensible people. They are aware that the constellation of forces has been changing. There is the risk that America will rearm and this may be an additional burden for our economy. It is therefore of the utmost importance that we shall have some far-reaching disarmament proposals ready to coincide with our move into Poland. They like these schemes.

Kunayev: You are saying that Poland will be forgotten once there is another crisis. Why not have another crisis right now? Would our Syrian friends be willing to oblige? We could make it worth their while. . . .

Gromyko: I don't think it will be necessary. It may lead to complications. Also, it would be too obvious.

Brezhnev: Nothing is too obvious as far as these simpletons are concerned. (Laughter.)

Shevardnadze: How will the third world react?

Gromyko: Sorry, comrade, how will *who* react? I did not hear the question. (Laughter.)

Brezhnev: Boris Nikolayevich, you may want to add a few words.

Ponomaryov: As I see it, it would be preferable if we waited a little longer, and show our comrades abroad that we have been most patient and reasonable, and decided to use force only after it appeared that nothing else helped. The Yugoslavs will protest openly. As for the Romanians, we shall have to bring some pressure on them again, but I think they will be less indignant this time than in 1968. Many European parties will dissociate themselves from our action, saying the usual stuff—every party should be left to sort out its own problems, and so on. Let them talk. I think we should not even enter any polemics. The Austrian Communists, the Portuguese, the American, and most Latin American (above all Cuban) Communists will be with us all the way. The French will publish comments both for and against. They know where their bread is buttered. They won't say a word more than necessary against our action. But I have to add one caveat—much depends on how quickly the operation will be over, whether there will be many victims, and so on. If it should be a messy operation we may run into unforeseen difficulties. Hence, my question: Can we be sure that there will be an elegant solution?

Suslov: Comrades Gromyko and Ponomaryov, is there not a danger that the Europeans will again draw closer to the United States in the case of our intervention in Poland?

Gromyko: It is possible but unlikely. I tend to think that they will react the way they did at the time of the Olympic games. They will have to do something to keep the Americans happy, but they will do so reluctantly and only for a short while. They are, as I said before, on the whole sensible people. They know that they can no longer afford to offend us. This may anger the Americans, and differences between Europe and the US may widen as the result of our intervention.

Suslov: What about our relations with the new administration in the United States?

Gromyko: They won't be too good—for a while. This is the price that may have to be paid.

Brezhnev: Comrades, let me summarize. The consensus is that order has to be restored in Poland, and that we cannot wait indefinitely. I am in favor of giving the Polish leadership another chance and providing maximum political help. The military and propagandistic build-up for intervention should be completed meanwhile so that our forces can act immediately once we decide on the military option. Is a vote necessary? No? Thank you.

With no further business to transact the Politburo ends its meeting at five minutes past six. The comrades wish Brezhnev a happy journey on the eve of his trip to India. ("Leonid Ilitch, why do you take 500 people with you to New Delhi? Are you afraid of one lady? What presents are you bringing? Be careful, they are going to give you an elephant. Where will you keep it? Your garage is full." Leonid Iltich is not amused.) The members and alternate members leave the meeting room.

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Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Year-End Roundup

Breaker Morant. Bruce Beresford is an Australian director, previously represented here by *The Getting of Wisdom*, which was a well-directed, exquisitely photographed, platitudinous film about the rites of passage of an adolescent schoolgirl at the turn of the century. *Breaker Morant* is a better-directed, more exquisitely photographed, equally platitudinous film about military injustice at the turn of the century.

Films about the harshness of wartime tribunals are so familiar that, especially because crispness like Beresford's implies intelligence, we look for an increment; we feel that Beresford must know that his material is essentially trite and must be bringing some addition to our experience. Not perceptible. Like Kubrick's *Paths of Glory*, like Losey's *King and Country*, *Breaker Morant* just winds through a court-martial—this one a historical case—that shows another military need for a verdict of guilty despite the facts.

Harry Morant, called Breaker because he was a breaker of wild horses, and two fellow-officers are Australians fighting in the Boer War. Obeying orders from Lord Kitchener, they kill some Boer guerrillas whom they take prisoner. This wouldn't have caused much fuss except that they also kill a German missionary who could have spread the news. The German government is ruffled, and as the British government is anxious not to provide the Germans with an excuse for coming in on the side of the Boers, all three officers must be tried and punished even though they were obeying (unwritten) orders. A younger man gets a life sentence; Morant and another lieutenant are shot.

The strophes of irony and prejudice—English gentry accents deployed against the colonials—are followed faithfully. The cast is good. Beresford and his editor strive imaginatively against the stasis of a courtroom story, with flashbacks of course but also with sudden closeups that are like quick slices of intimacy. But the picture remains more noddingly predictable than grimly inevitable.

A special word for Don McAlpine, the cinematographer who did the two Beresford films and *My Brilliant Career*. It's time to acknowledge his world rank in his profession.

Tribute. Bernard Slade's Broadway play leaked syrup, but at least it had a gimmick. A man came out at the beginning and addressed the audience as the friends of the hero who had rented this theater and had gathered to pay him tribute before he died of cancer; and the hero's life was played out for us, sufficiently. The screenplay, by Slade, rearranges it all serially and ends in the theater; and manages to omit the moment that, if we're waiting for anything other than the end, we're waiting for—the hero walking into the theater and discovering the surprise.

Bob Clark, the mechanic who directed, is the worst handler of actors to come along in recent memory. Jack Lemmon, once a fine actor, bucks so hard for an Oscar that he seems not to be playing a part but making a series of clips for the annual Award ceremonies. Even if the character is a continuing performer in life, a person without much self, he has to be credible to the people around him, and I couldn't believe it of Lemmon—or that he could win their affection. He's meant to be a man with mannerisms; the man is omitted, the mannerisms are italicized. ("Italicized" is polite for "hammed up.")

His son is played by Robby Benson who has an almost immobile face and a less mobile voice, of perhaps two notes. Colleen Dewhurst is a melancholy reminder of the young woman who had a chance to be a great actress. A "discovery" called Kim Cattrall is far below the level of the professional. Gale Garnett has the smash part of a New York hooker who is given a testimonial lunch by a hundred or so of her doting customers. It made me realize how dated *Never on Sunday* is.

A Change of Seasons. Another index of change in attitudes toward women. This script by Erich Segal, Ronni Kern, and Fred Segal has dialogue fresh from the workbench, still smelling of sawdust and glue. ("I'm *in* love with her, but I love *you*.") But there's one interesting aspect. A 40-ish professor confesses to his wife that he's having an affair with a student, and the ultimate effect on the wife is to free her to have affairs of her own: not vindictively but in liberation. This is not what the professor expected; and it's pleasant. Nothing else in the story is mentionable.

The director, Richard Lang, is in the old Bob Clark tradition—a trudging mechanic. Anthony Hopkins, clearly meant to suggest Richard Burton in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, wanders pensively around his New England campus, awake most of the time but no more articulate than ever. I thought his wife's name was Cawrn until someone else called her Karen. Shirley MacLaine, the wife, does passably, but she has

Films Worth Seeing

From the Life of the Marionettes. Ingmar Bergman's first work in German continues to grapple with great mysteries. Not his best film, but the work of a genius.

Kagemusha. As above, not Akira Kurosawa's best film, but the work of a genius. His view of war in 16th-century Japan is Homeric.

Raging Bull. Robert De Niro and Martin Scorsese translate a boxing story of clout and corruption into a slice of modern temper.

Resurrection. Eva LeGallienne, Roberts Blossom, Sam Shepard, and Ellen Burstyn act excellently in a wobbly script about a woman with healing powers.

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grounds for legal action against the cinematographer, Philip Lathrop. Bo Derek, who breasted her way to the top—and bottom—in "*10*", makes sure we get lots of looks at everything once again. To me, Derek is a humanoid, a perfectly proportioned robot complete except for internals.

This picture, too, has its "discovery"—a man named Michael Brandon who is a bit better than Kim Cattrall but not enough to matter. Mary Beth Hurt, familiar from the theater and here the Hopkins-McLaine daughter, now brings her corrugated-tin voice to films.

Stir Crazy. I went to see this despite Gene Wilder's presence because his co-star is Richard Pryor, the script is by Bruce Jay Friedman, and Sidney Poitier directed. Mistake. I'd seen Poitier's direction before and thought he might have improved; he hasn't. Pryor does as well as he can in this thing, and anyway he would have a hard time *not* being vital and funny. Wilder is. . . .

The script would be nearly incomprehensible from anyone, but from the author of *Stern* and *A Mother's Kisses* and *Black Angels*, it's also melancholy. Two pals get arrested for a crime they didn't commit, are jailed, and eventually escape. It's supposed to be a comedy, complete with solitary confinement. There's no point in talking about its holes or even its tedium. But I note that two chicken costumes figure in the story, which makes this Chicken Costume Week, since a similar outfit figures in *Tribute*.

The Mirror Crack'd. I'll say. Agatha Christie's suspense lies in shards.

In Miss Marple's village an American film company is to make a picture. Elizabeth Taylor, the harassed star of that picture, forges ahead bravely, chins up. Kim Novak, a rival star, returns to the screen, still without a voice. Rock Hudson is still big. Edward Fox is still small. Geraldine Chaplin is still Geraldine Chaplin, alas.

Angela Lansbury takes over from the late Margaret Rutherford as Miss Marple. It's like tepid bouillon after a hearty steaming soup.

Robert Brustein on theater

Solutions

A production of *The Philadelphia Story* has opened the doors of the Vivian Beaumont for the first time in three years under the auspices of something called the Lincoln Center Theater Company. This is what Richard Crinkley, its executive director, has created to succeed what used to be called the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center, and it suggests the kind of strategies being formulated to solve the continuing problems of this plague-ridden institution. About the only vaguely permanent members of this "company" are Ellis Rabb, Woody Allen, Sarah Caldwell, Edward Albee, Liviu Ciulei, and Robin Phillips, the six-person directorate Crinkley has formed to guide its fortunes. Most of them are presumably involved with the three-play series which, constituting the season, now has been sold to over 34,000 subscribers. If numbers and names alone were enough to provide solutions, then Mr. Crinkley would seem to have discovered a secret that eluded his unfortunate predecessors, Elia Kazan, Robert Whitehead, Herbert Blau, Jules Irving, and Joseph Papp.

The secret is partly in the scheduling: a summer-stock period piece known to most audiences through a famous Katharine Hepburn-Cary Grant movie; a solid Shakespeare play (*Macbeth*) directed by Sarah Caldwell of the Boston Opera Company and starring Philip Anglim of Crinkley's Broadway production, *The Elephant Man*; and a still untitled (perhaps still unwritten?) new comedy by Woody Allen. For those of us who wondered how six distinctive, highly individualistic theater people from different walks of life could ever agree on when and where to hold a meeting, much less on how to organize, choose, inform, and lead a resident Lincoln Center Theater Company, Mr. Crinkley now has provided the answer. It is to form a company in name only. It is to make each production the exclusive province of a different member of the directorate, who chooses his own cast, his own designers, probably even his own property. The Crinkley solution to the problems of the Beaumont, then, is simply to turn it into a Broadway house, indistinguishable from the commercial producing system in its choice of plays (*Macbeth* excepted), in its sequential method of presentation, in its pickup casts, in its use of stars, even in its advertising techniques. Founded originally as an alternative to Broadway—the New York equivalent of the permanent resident theaters emerging in the 1960s—the Lincoln Center Theater Company now has surrendered to Broadway everything except its 501-C3 status as a non-profit institution.

The new administration has solved another inherited problem of this maladroit theater—namely, its awkward sight lines. Entering the Beaumont to see *The Philadelphia Story*, you will notice a set with an essentially triangular design, the apex of which appears at a shallow point upstage. The only difficulty with this solution is that in order to create a triangle inside a proscenium with such a massive horizontal opening, the designer has been forced to provide a construction of truly gargantuan dimensions, as if the house of the Lord family were being confused with the House of Lords. Built around a sprawling, plant-laden patio, an obstacle course of tacky porch furniture, the set is of such proportions that in order to make their entrances on time the actors have to get through the exterior decoration at a sprint—rather like running the Boston Marathon inside the Brooklyn Botanical Gardens.

I must confess to a certain fondness for this embarrassingly dated play. As a mere stripling, I directed it once, and twice played Dexter Haven, using my best Cary Grant delivery. Admittedly, these were amateur productions, but given the definitive movie version, I suspect it is only as a pretext for gathering friends and family together to wave at the children in the cast that Philip Barry's *Philadelphia Story* retains any validity on the stage. It is painful watching gifted performers trying vainly to resurrect an artificial style; even when they succeed, it is a Pyrrhic victory. Frank Converse is quite unequal to my old role of Dexter Haven, his Cary Grant impersonation being less impressive than mine was, and he brings a leaden quality to the part that's more appropriate for George Kittredge, Tracy's proletarian fiancé. As for Blythe Danner, her ramrod version of Tracy

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seems tense and uncomfortable. Danner is an elegant and intelligent actress with deep emotional resources. Though an inevitable choice for British and upper-class parts, she is miscast when required to be shallow. In this production, however, the director Ellis Rabb has her—and all the other actors—skating along the surface of their lines as if the thin ice would break if they paused to draw a motivational breath. In his compulsion to make his actors pick up cues, Rabb doesn't permit them to listen to each other; perhaps (having investigated the text) he doesn't want us to listen either. The arch banter is virtually submerged in a welter of snappy pacing, overlapping dialogue, emphatic exit lines—when it is not drowned out by a string orchestra grinding out cocktail music like Evelyn and her Heavenly Violins. The only actor who manages to salvage himself in the midst of this empty display is Edward Hermann, playing Mike. Hermann performs this role with a kind of gee-whiz charm that recalls, without imitating, his predecessor, Jimmy Stewart—kidding the character's hollow cynicism, even to the point of dangling a cigarette from the corner of his mouth.

But, holy suds, *Philadelphia Story*, in a major non-profit theater, in the year of the Lords 1980? Hearth-fires and holocausts! Golly! What's alack and what's amiss? Are 34,000 contemporary subscribers really engaged with the momentous question of how "yare" the *True Love* really was? Perhaps Richmond Crinkley is on to something. Maybe he knows something about the theatergoing tastes of the American genus, Culturus Vulturus, that has eluded the rest of us poor innocents.

Joanne Akalaitis and the gifted Mabou Mines troupe have found no solutions in their production of *The Dead End Kids* at the Public Theater. They are much more concerned with a correct presentation of the problem. The problem here is not how to attract a large paying audience to a middle-class culture mausoleum, but rather how to make us aware that we are dangerously perched on the threshold of annihilation. The evening is subtitled "A History of Nuclear Power," and if this evokes the specter of Jane Fonda exhorting you about your failings in her famous Westchester lockjaw, relax—the evening is remarkably theatrical, and totally free of self-righteous denunciation.

For some years now, Mabou Mines has been developing a unique experimental style under the guidance of a number of imaginative directors; this, I believe, is the first time the troupe has turned its attention to a political subject. *Dead End Kids*, however, is hardly a piece of agitprop; there is no intention of arousing the audience to direct political action (a rather fruitless gesture, anyway, considering that the monster is already loose). What the piece does, instead, is provide a prismatic view of science, magic, and superstition through the ages, seen through the perspective of a scorching, blistering irony, which may be our only defense against a deepening despair.

You enter the Public Theater and find yourself eavesdropping on a group of white-coated automatons—some of them in white hard hats—exchanging information with each other concerning the names of the planets and the elements of the periodic table. What follows are brief vignettes dramatizing the evolution of alchemy, necromancy, and recent science—Madame Curie discovering radium ("Isn't she fabulous?"), Goethe's Faust making his pact with Mephistopheles ("That's incredible!")—interlaced with comments from the popular media. The most telling comments, however, are provided by the advocates of atomic and nuclear power themselves, in the form of period films and contemporary songs. A movie of the experiments at Los Alamos shows us soldiers drinking radioactive iodine, students inhaling plutonium, scientists feeding radioactive materials to fish. At Almagordo, observers are advised to apply suntan lotion to their faces as protection against the "tremendous blast effects" of an atomic fission bomb. A record plays a merry popular song from the time ("Hubba Hubba") with the line, "A friend of mine in a B29 dropped another load for luck." Staged conference scenes, stand-up comedy routines, sexual references to the H-bomb explosion ("Was it good for you?") all add a tone of horrible jocularity to the proceedings which provides more eloquent commentary than the most ferocious condemnation. The evening ends with a Geiger counter crackling in the corner.

What the piece is ultimately about is how we receive information, and how this changes our perception of the forces that endanger us. *The Dead End Kids* is a political play about the fatal consequences of political propaganda—the first theatrical work to show that fallout from the media and fallout from the bomb may be one and the same.

The Evolution of a Despotism

Catherine the Great
by Henri Troyat
translated by Joan Pinkham

(Dutton; $15.95)

Peter the Great: His Life and World
by Robert K. Massie

(Knopf; $19.95)

"Our lord, Peter the Great, has drawn us all from nothingness into being," wrote one of those whom Peter forcibly had detached from traditional Muscovite values and exposed to Western culture. Two centuries later, the same faith in Peter's protean will helped to shape the Russian Revolution. As has often been pointed out, Lenin's insistence on the control of the revolution by a small elite owed much to the voluntarism of an intelligentsia which saw its very existence as evidence of the power of outstanding individuals to change a nation's consciousness.

In the West, too, the myth of Peter's will has had its effect on historical thinking—most significantly on popular conceptions of the nature of Russian government. Increasingly, historians have pointed to a continuity between the Soviet and czarist systems as two successive stages of a single experiment: the attempt to graft an advanced

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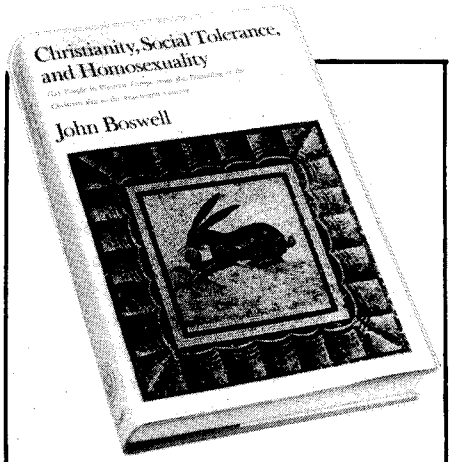
economy and culture onto a primitive despotism. Given this insight, we can tell why it generally is not disputed that the career of Peter the Great is more relevant to our time than, say, the career of his contemporary, Louis XIV. The origins of the Russian experiment certainly throw some light on its present dynamics, but the popular view of the beginnings of modernization in Russia as the clear articulation of a conscious will, or as a revolutionary exercise in control over populations and economic processes, is not justified. What is less well appreciated, outside specialist writing on Russian history, is that there is an alternative view, thoroughly developed and better supported by the historical record, that these beginnings were a series of short-term measures in response to social and geopolitical pressures.

To the extent that the Soviet system is a new variety of home-grown absolutism, this alternative carries essential lessons for the modern reader who may be reduced to searching through the latest offerings in historical biography in order to learn enough of Russia's past to enable him to make sense of its present. Some skepticism is permissible when one is presented with the all-conquering will of Russia's greatest rulers as the key to Russian history. This is true of the two biographies under review: regarded as historical preludes to our own age, they make it easier to understand why history conceived as the account of kings and battles is still alive and well, under the name of Kremlinology.

Kings and battles account for much of the enormous length of Mr. Massie's highly entertaining study of Peter the Great. Entire chapters, crammed with historical detail and richly evocative in atmosphere if somewhat overloaded with anecdote, are devoted to the powerful personalities and the courts of Peter's contemporaries: William of Orange, Louis XIV, George I of England, and Charles XII of Sweden. Their subjects figure only as the docile and uniformed instruments of their bloody maneuvers for preeminence in early 18th-century Europe. The hero loses nothing from such stiff competition: in what is clearly a labor of love, Mr. Massie has combed his sources for what no doubt will long remain the liveliest, most sympathetic, and most stylishly written account of the personality behind the legend of Peter's will.

We see a rebellious adolescent who was also (after the coup which ousted his sister, the regent Sophia, in 1689) a czar with, in theory at least, absolute power: a young giant with immense energy, rustic manners, and a taste for simple drunken pleasures, who loathed the semi-Oriental rituals of the Russian church and court and was fascinated by new inventions. Peter's curiosity, combined with a highly developed sense of duty, took him to Europe in 1697, at a point when Russia's national survival was threatened by the Swedes, who controlled the Baltic. Mr. Massie gives a superb description of the extraordinary peregrination known as the Grand Embassy, when Peter wandered round Europe with his suite for 18 months in order to acquire the technical expertise which would transform his backward and xenophobic country into a major European power. This most unorthodox of monarchs absorbed information from every available source, learning how to mend clothes, make shoes, repair watches, pull teeth, dissect corpses, and build fortifications; he mastered the workings of every scientific instrument he encountered, studied ballistics under a Brandenburg colonel and shipbuilding under an Amsterdam shipwright—and obtained certificates of competence from both.

On his return to Russia, Peter used all the powers of an Oriental despot, combined with ingenious methods such as the famous tax on beards, to break his subjects' attachment to the past. His acquisition of new skills was an example which all were expected to follow. The nobility were sent in droves to the West to learn new techniques, while their hereditary privileges were replaced by a Table of Ranks which made privilege dependent on service to the state. With these methods, backed by savage punishments, he built a magnificent new capital, and created a modern army out of a barbaric soldiery and a navy out of nothing at all, a combination which after a war of 20 years defeated the foremost military power in Europe. With this awesome catalog of achievements, which permanently changed the balance of power in Europe, no wonder Peter seemed to his compatriots a leader unique in modern history—a demigod who altered the historical course and the spiritual makeup of a great nation in accordance with his personal blueprint for the future. This view of Peter, embodied in Pushkin's poem "The Bronze Horseman," is presented by Mr. Massie as the objective



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Russia from the Inside
by Robert G. Kaiser and Hannah Jopkins Kaiser

(Dutton; $10.95)

No group of photographs could do justice to the discordant realities of Soviet life, but the 200-odd selections in *Russia from the Inside* come as close to it as possible. With a few exceptions, they are the work of professional Soviet photographers, now exiles in the West; which is to say that they were taken under far more generous conditions than those imposed on Western visitors (no bridges, no pictures taken from any heights, no scenes considered atypical and offensive by your average Soviet citizen, etc.). No one who has ever spent any time in the Soviet Union will fail to be struck by the compelling truthfulness of these photographs.

Perhaps more valuable than the inanimate proof that life in the Soviet Union is still nasty, brutish, and short are the pictures of people, and especially of their faces. What can be more revealing than the peasant family, their faces a study of bewilderment, discomfiture, and awe, gazing at the glittering hubbub of a Moscow street? Or the faces of the elderly women and party official? (Note, incidentally, the difference in clothing.) These—and many others—are the true faces of modern Russia that no amount of *lakirovka* ("varnishing"—that quintessential Russian/Soviet term) could possibly disguise.

The book, of course, does not dwell on the seamy side of Soviet life. There are snapshots of newly married couples, there is a marvelous tableau of a middle-class family displaying their bulbous bodies on a Moscow beach, there are pictures of patently happy children, tenderly hovered over by their solicitous guardians. Yet it is precisely these contrasts—between deprivation and prosperity, between the desperate search for joy and its paltry rewards, between the perception (to a Soviet citizen) of material well-being and (to a Westerner) its bleak objective reality, that impart to the Soviet scene a quality of hopelessness as piercing and poignant as that which led, more than a century ago, to Gogol's celebrated outcry: "Oh, how sad is our Russia!"

If the pictures speak with the force of revelation, the same, I fear, cannot be said of the accompanying text. Robert Kaiser is an accomplished jour-

Muscovites bathing outside the capital at "Bay of Joys." Photo: Antsis.

truth. He shows us a hero who singlehandedly controls events through the unique combination of the destructive power of a force of nature and a conscious inflexible purpose: the grand design of remolding his country into a Western state, open to all that was most advanced in Europe. Even when he seemed to be overcome by events, as when his attempts to expand Russia's southern borders led to ignominious defeat by the Turks on the Prut, in Mr. Massie's view this was merely the result of a tactical conservation of forces dictated by his vision of the whole: he knew that the future of Russia lay in Europe, not in the East.

Not surprisingly, Mr. Massie fails to quote the comment in which Peter summed up his attitude to the West for the benefit of his officials: "we need Europe for a few decades, and then we must turn our back on it." The first historian to note the significance of this remark was the 19th-century Russian Klyuchevsky. Mr. Massie would have had to write a rather different biography if he had taken any account of the considerable body of research by Western historians supporting Klyuchevsky's view that the beginnings of modernization in Russia were a series of partial ad hoc measures to contain engulfing forces, rather than a revolutionary grand design. There is no historical evidence for inferring such a design behind Peter's technological, economic, and administrative reforms. They were aimed merely at developing a war machine strong enough to resist neighbors whom Russia could no longer hope to ignore. Neither his end nor his means were wholly original—all his reforms had their precedents, albeit far less energetic ones, in the reigns of his immediate predecessors. The tragedy that clouded the end of his reign—the killing of his rebellious heir—came about not because the latter rejected a master plan for the transformation of the Russian state, but because he resisted Peter's determination to make a warrior out of him. For Peter, as he informed his son in a written ultimatum, accomplishment in the art of war was the principal characteristic of a good ruler.

Mr. Massie finds it "curious" that Peter's interest in the West did not extend to the art of government. He concludes that Peter had no interest in concepts such as the legal limitation of powers, because he believed that only the exercise of force from above would transform Russia into a modern state. But there are no grounds for inferring that this was Peter's goal. On the contrary, all the evidence shows that he was committed to preserving the traditional Muscovite state—a structure akin to the ancient Oriental despotism, where the ruler had the monopoly of power and the unrestricted right to exploit both land and subjects for ends determined solely by him. From the

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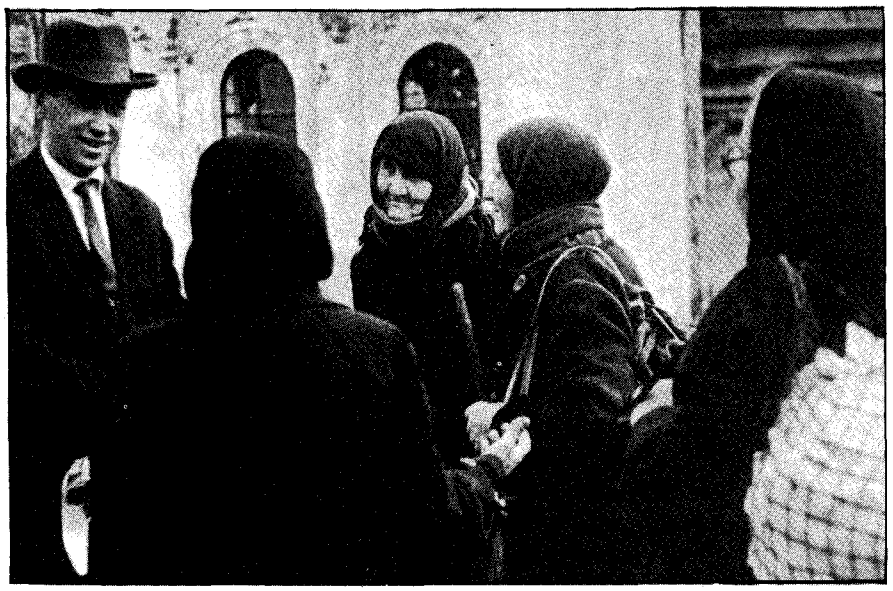

Photo: Shalamov

A party secretary discourages a group of women who want to hold a religious service in an old monastery.

nalist, and his *Russia: The People and the Power* (1976) was on all showings an incisive and readable introduction to Soviet life. This time, however, he has produced a commentary that all too often bears the imprint of an ad man's copy. To be sure, he spares us the kind of inanities that marked the somewhat similarly titled volume by John Gunther, *Inside Russia*, published more than 20 years ago. (My favorite: "Russians are a strongly sexed people," but "petting in a parked car, in the American manner, is almost unknown." So, to be sure, were parked cars.) And some of Mr. Kaiser's observations are unquestionably sound and perceptive.

Still, the prose is dismaying: "A human society," we are told, "is like an elephant: neither can be understood at a glance, but the outward characteristics of both, carefully studied, provide extremely revealing clues about the entire organism" (tusks, perhaps?). Moreover, Mr. Kaiser displays a weakness for bogus profundities that has plagued generations of Western travelers bent on fathoming the mysteries of the "Russian soul"—e.g., "control is a constant preoccupation of the Soviet authorities—control of the anarchic instincts within themselves that most Russians seem to fear"; or the etymological disquisition on the "Russian word for vacation," which, Kaiser tells us, means literally "letting go . . . of ordinary restraints" (wrong: it means "disengaging oneself").

In fact, the book contains a number of errors: the exemption of peasants from "internal passports," which for years effectively had tied them to the land, was lifted more than five years ago. Soviet newspapers are loath to report on rapes, murders, and accidents, but to say that they "stick doggedly to good news, usually ignoring all else," is to ignore the dreary stories of inefficiency, bureaucratic imbecilities, negligence, and corruption—all presented by Soviet media as "uncharacteristic," yet nevertheless persistent, aspects of Soviet life. Massive terror is indeed a thing of the past, but fear—*pace* Mr. Kaiser—surely remains one of the instrumentalities of Soviet rule.

Perhaps the pap-like prose, so uncharacteristic of Mr. Kaiser's other writings, the factual inaccuracies, and the simplifications are the inevitable result of an effort to serve a potent drink in the form of a light (and short) aperitif. If so, Mr. Kaiser might have heeded his own observation that in some cases "pictures help explain the truth probably better than words."

Abraham Brumberg

Abraham Brumberg is former editor of *Problems of Communism*, and is now working on a book about Poland.

barbaric popular disturbances that were a feature of Russian history Peter, like his predecessors, drew the lesson that only a monopoly of power by the ruler could prevent that vast country from falling into bloody anarchy.

It is true that, through his stress on the concept of service, Peter helped to introduce into Russia the idea of the state as distinct from the personality and interests of the monarch, embodying a national good which the ruler, like his subjects, was obliged to pursue (characteristically, Peter gave his subjects an object-lesson in this respect by having himself promoted to a higher naval rank after each victory). But the distinction had little meaning in practice: the czar must serve the national good, but only he could define it. Under Peter ukazes were issued with preambles justifying them on grounds of individual and public well-being; but as before they emanated from the czar alone and left his subjects no area of self-determination: nobles as well as peasants could be ordered to move from one end of the country to the other, and their property and persons disposed of as the czar saw fit. The size and materials of their houses, the nature of their work, their leisure activities, even their dress were dictated. It was Peter's belief in the paternalistic and absolute nature of his power that made him emphasize, in his ultimatum to his son, the ruler's duty to provide a good example to his subjects: "all look to the head: they study his inclinations and conform themselves to them." Peter's reforms entailed a more efficient structuring of his administration (on the model of the Swedish colleges), but when his rationalization of the government threatened to diminish his personal power, he consistently reasserted the second at the cost of the first. He effectively paralyzed his bureaucracy during his long absences on military campaigns by entrusting overriding powers to individuals responsible only to him.

Mr. Massie concedes the inefficiency of these methods, but sees them as a consequence of Peter's decision to force the pace of progress singlehandedly against the will of his subjects. In reality, they reflect his conservative reaction to pressures of change which he scarcely understood and could not control. He realized that the Westernization of Russian technology demanded the development of Western qualities of rationality, responsibility, and initiative on the part of his subjects, but he did not understand that these qualities were connected with a conception of partnership between society and monarch involving reciprocal rights and obligations, which was profoundly subversive to the system he wished to preserve. As Richard Pipes has pointed out in his book *Russia Under the Old Regime*, by attempting to use the technological modernization of Russia as a support for its traditional government, Peter

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introduced a fatal contradiction into the relationship between state and society which deepened in successive reigns, as society endeavored to wrest from the autocracy the rights which it saw as a corollary of its new role. Peter's legacy to his successors was an autocracy fated to become increasingly ineffective in the pursuit of positive goals, as it concentrated its energies on the negative task of defending its monopoly of political power against the determination of its subjects to participate in the direction of their lives. But the prodigious material transformation wrought by

Portrait of Peter the Great from book.

Peter's energy has helped his successors to conceal when necessary the incompatibility of consistent modernization with absolute rule. The more the Russian autocracy lost real power in the dynamics of an experiment doomed from the outset, the more it relied, for the containment of internal opposition and for external prestige, on the myth of the superior effectiveness of absolute power when directed to rational goals. The development of this myth into an instrument of government took place in the reign of Catherine II, who has the distinction of having deluded not only most of her contemporaries, but also many of her biographers, including M. Troyat.

It was the dream of Peter's power that attracted Catherine to the throne of Russia. A princess from an obscure German house, she was invited to Russia at the age of 14 by Peter's daughter, the Empress Elizabeth, to become the wife of the German-born heir to the throne. As she later wrote, she immediately conceived the ambition of becoming empress in her own right. Her boundless thirst for glory sustained her for the next 20 years while, tied to a foolish and devious husband, she led a precarious existence at the court of the cruel and paranoid Elizabeth. She pursued her purpose with cool calculation and the skills of a considerable actress, charming the influential by her submissiveness, her diligence in learning Russian, and the fervor of her conversion to the Orthodox faith—all essential to the success of the palace coup in which, in 1762, she ousted her crassly Teutonic husband.

In the energy with which she pursued the two imperatives of modernization and absolute power, Catherine was by far the most distinguished of Peter's successors. A cultivated European with considerable intellectual pretensions, she perceived that if Russia were to maintain its prestige in Europe, the gap between its technical and cultural progress must be closed. She fostered the development of a secular European culture and a national literature. In the role of an "enlightened" monarch who used her authority to promote the universal rule of reason, she courted the admiration of the most progressive circles in Europe. She pronounced herself a devoted pupil of Voltaire, with a "republican soul," and at the outset of her reign convened a commission for the reform of Russian law, sending young men abroad to acquire the necessary legal and philosophical background. The "Instruction," which she drew up for the commission and had translated into several languages for dissemination abroad, was steeped in the rational humanism of the Enlightenment. She asserted her belief in natural law and the rights deriving from it, and, drawing liberally on the ideas of Montesquieu and Beccaria, proclaimed as her goal the equality of all citizens before the law, which was to replace the arbitrary will of the sovereign as the foundation of the state.

But the ideal of rational universalism had to yield before geopolitical realities which Catherine interpreted like her predecessors. Her insecurity on the throne as a foreigner, a usurper, and a regicide by association (her husband and another claimant to the throne were murdered by her followers in the first two years of her reign) confirmed her in the belief that unrestrained power was the precondition for efficient and stable government in Russia. This was going too far for the *philosophes*, indulgent though they were toward "enlightened" absolutists. So throughout her reign of 34 years Catherine sought to reconcile the demands of internal order and external prestige through the art of hypocrisy. Through her correspondence with the *encyclopédistes* Voltaire, Diderot, and M. Grimm she kept the intellectual avant-garde of Europe apprised of her unceasing efforts to abolish the last remnants of despotism in Russia. At home she shelved her project for law reform and saw to it that the bureaucracy, while modified in the interests of greater efficiency, did not intrude on the traditional channel of power—a patronage

Portrait of Catherine the Great from book.

system under her direct control. It was through this channel that she attempted to keep up Peter's modernizing impetus in the fields of agriculture, industry, and commerce. When, after two wars, Catherine advanced Russia's frontier to the shores of the Black Sea, the organization and development of the huge new southern territories were entrusted to one man—her brilliant and eccentric favorite, Potemkin. To placate a nobility which was denied political rights, she extended their privileges and their rights over their serfs, introducing serfdom in new areas. This "Tartuffe in a skirt," as Pushkin called her, presented entire villages of peasants as gifts to her favorites.

The rulers of Europe had few illusions about the methods Catherine used to enforce her will, but this merely

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increased her power as a voice in European affairs. In 1787 she invited a party of foreign dignitaries, including the Emperor Joseph II of Austria, on a six-month tour of the southern territories then being developed at lightning speed by Potemkin. Dazzled by what seemed an economic miracle, Joseph wrote enviously:

> In Germany or France we would never have dared to undertake what is being done here. Here human life and effort count for nothing; here one can build roads, ports, fortresses, palaces on marshland, one can plant forests in the desert, all without paying the workers, who never complain, even though they lack for everything, sleep on the ground and often suffer from hunger. . . . The master orders, the slave obeys. . . . Catherine can spend what she pleases, without going into debt. Her currency is worth what she wants it to be worth: she can mint money out of leather.

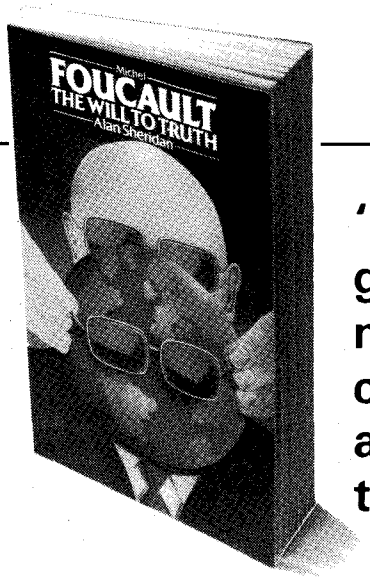
For European opinion of every political shade Catherine was an object-lesson in the ability of a creative will to direct the course of history to rational ends. As the French ambassador Ségur remarked: "one would have thought the blood of Peter flowed in her veins."

Most of Catherine's biographers have been equally dazzled, but none has been so naively eager in the celebration of her will as M. Troyat. The silliness of his fatuously admiring book can be illustrated by a single sentence: "there was nothing . . . involuntary or unconscious in [Catherine's] daily behavior." The other qualities of this "solid rock of will," as he calls her, are hardly more credible. Her fanatical belief in reason and her worship of clarity enabled her, we are told, to become "fully acquainted . . . at once" with any situation in internal or external politics, while as an intermediary in European affairs she was the sole possessor of clear insight among the "bewildered monarchs" of Europe. Like M. Troyat's claim that Catherine's mind was "trained" by her reading of Enlightenment thinkers, these assertions are suspiciously close to statements which Catherine, always eager to advertise her virtues, made about herself; nowhere in the book are they supported by evidence or analysis. Historical background is sacrificed to a desire for raciness. Catherine's collection of lovers is described in titillating and cliché-laden detail, while domestic intrigue, foreign affairs, and human character are treated with all the gossipy triviality of a courtier's-eye view. If Mr. Massie's book could (and probably will) make a classic screen epic, M. Troyat's is material for a low-budget B-movie where all actors apart from the heroine are interchangeable. But the fundamental theme of the two books is the same: a story of unqualified success in the use of historical circumstances and whole populations in the exercise of an autocratic will. M. Troyat does not qualify his conclusion that in the course of her reign, whether by toughness, patience, or maneuvering, Catherine obtained "everything that she desired."

Undoubtedly Catherine succeeded in her aim of making Russia culturally a part of Europe while remaining firmly in the traditional seat of power. But the real substance of that power was rapidly diminished in the course of her reign by the tenacity with which she pursued the dream of uniting the best of two contradictory worlds. Not content with the respect won by Peter for Russia's military might, she challenged Europe to judge the autocracy by the moral standards of its most progressive public opinion. Inevitably her subjects began to apply the same criteria. She merely had wished to fashion European gentlemen out of what were still known in Peter's time as "baptized bears"; in the process she created a moral opposition, the intelligentsia, which would ultimately paralyze the autocracy.

As the true dynamics of modernization progressively revealed themselves, Catherine's talent for dissimulation was developed into an art of government. Absolute power could not be reconciled with the political and moral demands of a Westernized society, but, by creating the illusion that it could, she preserved an unstable equilibrium at home and considerable prestige abroad. Her genius lay not, as M. Troyat would have us believe, in her control over the processes of change in Russia, but in the way she disguised her lack of control, pioneering the methods whereby Russian autocrats and their Soviet successors have concealed the failure of the Russian experiment.

Catherine was the first modern dictator to engage in the systematic use of distinguished and progressive fellow travelers to manipulate foreign public opinion. The *philosophes* were enlisted as



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propagandists by a skillful mixture of flattery and financial subsidies. There were exceptions. Rousseau, for example, refused Catherine's invitation to visit Russia and the accompanying offer of 100,000 roubles, which he called an attempt by the "Russian tyrant" to dishonor him in the eyes of posterity. But Voltaire, Diderot, and d'Alembert were won over by gestures such as Catherine's offer to have volumes of the *Encyclopédie* (then encountering difficulties in France) printed in Russia. When Diderot was forced by poverty to sell his library, she purchased it and appointed him its salaried librarian for life: "What astonishing times we live in!" Voltaire wrote to him: "France persecutes philosophers and the Scythians protect them!" In private, Catherine's protégés expressed reservations about the lady whom in public they called the "Semiramis of the North." To Voltaire, d'Alembert explained his reluctance to visit her in Russia by the fear of catching "hemorrhoidal colic"—the disease from which her murdered husband was officially proclaimed to have died. Diderot, who did make the journey, profoundly irritated Catherine by his persistence in inquiring about the exact legal status of the peasants and by confidentially pointing out to her the defects of arbitrary rule. But in public they could be relied on to act as apologists for their patron's most dubious acts. When Catherine described the partitions which bound Poland to Russia as the defense of the "freedom" of the Polish people, her *philosophe* friends chorused their approval; and Voltaire airily dismissed the murder of the other claimants to the throne as a "family affair." They served her faithfully as channels in disseminating a progressive image of her country which has little connection with reality. At a time when the vast mass of the population, drained by the taxes she levied for her wars and by the landlords whose property they were, was suffering the further affliction of famine, Europe was informed through Catherine's correspondence with Voltaire that there was not a peasant in her country "who could not eat a chicken if it suited him."

Catherine's method of coping with those who wished to judge Russia's achievements at first hand has enriched our political vocabulary. Careful preparations were made for the foreigners' tour to the south in 1787: all signs of the dire poverty and unrest of peasant Russia were removed from the route; gaily-painted facades were erected in front of pitiful hovels and selected peasants, smiling and attractively dressed, greeted the travelers. The economic miracle which so impressed Joseph II had the flimsy foundations of "Potemkin's villages."

Catherine contained internal pressures by feeding her subjects what Isaac Deutscher, with reference to a more recent tyrant, has described as a "mixed diet of terror and illusion." Like the 1936 constitution, her "Instruction" was partly aimed at containing discontent by generating hopes that she would be willing to satisfy the desire for reform. But when one of her own officials, Alexander Radishchev, called her bluff in the manner of later dissidents by respectfully asking, in a privately printed work, for the abolition of serfdom in accordance with the "Instruction's" principles, he was arrested and sentenced to death (the sentence was commuted to hard labor in Siberia).

Her own propagandist, Catherine pioneered the ideological control of mass communications in Russia. In a torrent of essays, plays, and pedagogical works, she expounded the ideal of obedience to a just and benevolent ruler. She founded and edited Russia's first satirical journal, which in its attacks on general human shortcomings and subversive attitudes, established the limits of permissible criticism. When other journals, founded with her encouragement, addressed themselves to specific social problems, they were forced to close.

M. Troyat appears to see both Potemkin's villages and Catherine's treatment of internal dissidence as impressive though reprehensible instances of traditional autocratic control. More correctly, they signify a decisive shift of the energies of the autocracy to negative purposes—the disguising of its own weakness and the jealous protection of its power from all encroachments. The exercise was self-defeating. The system of patronage to which Catherine resorted to prevent her administration from encroaching on her powers was a vicious circle in which the master was also the slave. The personal interests of her favorites and the patronage networks they maintained dictated how information and policies were presented to her. Her enormous vanity made her easy to manipulate, to the detriment of her sense of reality.

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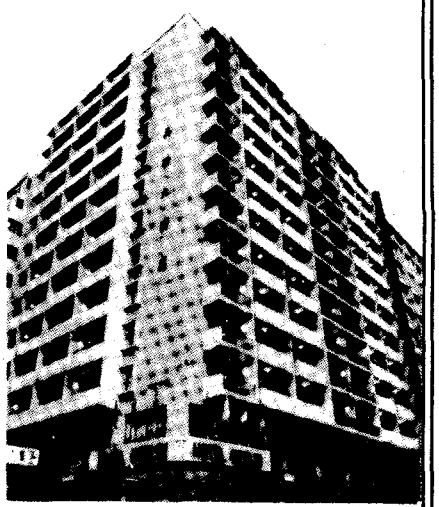

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She was encouraged to believe that she was an expert in many fields; worthless treatises on law, philosophy, and history flowed from her pen. Convinced of the beneficence of her rule, she attributed Radishchev's protest to resentment at not having "entrée to the palace." Uninformed of the extent of agrarian discontent throughout Russia, she was taken by surprise by the Pugachev rebellion which ravaged southern Russia for two years and even threatened the capital, while on other occasions her fear of revolution was used by those whose careers depended on the maintenance of the status quo to discourage her from the mildest reforms. This process gained momentum in the century after her death when an elaborate structure was devised with the sole aim of protecting the monarch against the aspirations of society. The anarchist Prince Kropotkin was not greatly exaggerating when he wrote of the reign of Catherine's grandson: "General Shuvalov, the chief of the gendarmes and General Trepov, the chief of the St. Petersburg police, were . . . the real rulers of Russia." Alexander II, whom they daily terrified with the specter of revolution, was "their executive, their tool."

The Soviet regime, having seized the czars' monopoly of political power, has been caught in the same vicious circle of terror. Nevertheless, the tendency persists in the West to see the relationship of Russia's masters and slaves in the simple terms in which they were once seen by Joseph II. The kind of history represented by these two biographies has a far more pervasive influence than the works of the scholars who despise it, because it answers a fundamental human need to believe in the power of individuals to direct the destinies of nations. Though history offers little support for this belief, there is a strong predisposition in the West to see the Soviet system as a monolith whose realpolitik is backed up by enormous forces under its sole control, which, unless preempted by an even greater force, will carry all its policies through to their logical conclusion. We should not be too dazzled by Potemkin's villages: the reality of power in modern Russia was and is perhaps closer to the portrait of the aging Stalin in Solzhenitsyn's novel *The First Circle*—isolated, fed with lies, a prisoner of his own paranoia. An image no more reassuring than the myth purveyed by popular historians, but one which offers the West more options for survival—there are subtler ways of dealing with the unstable structure of Russian absolutism than by a preemptive strike.

Aileen Kelly

Aileen Kelly is a fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and a lecturer at Cambridge University. Her book on the anarchism of Michael Bakunin will be published by Oxford University Press in early 1981.

A Gentleman's 'C'

Ways of Escape
by Graham Greene

(Simon and Schuster; $12.95)

Some time ago the *New Statesman* invited readers to impersonate contemporary writers making statements on their art. One of the winning entrants did Graham Greene: "How is it, Mr. Greene, you're able to turn out novels so regularly?"

"Oh, that's easy. I just make each one a little worse than the one before."

Scandalous, to be sure. But that does register a widespread feeling about Greene. It might be thought that it's only the current absence of Faulkner and Waugh and even Hemingway that makes Greene seem a novelist of consequence instead of, say, a fourth-rate Conrad. Is Greene not really a writer whose conceptions, plots, and style are, if the truth were told, as seedy as his famous settings? Can he construct? Can he imagine plausible characters and deliver believable images of their behavior in an efficient style? Is not his melodramatic, Manichean vision of life

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EXAMINATION

English 345: Expository Writing (Intermediate)

(One hour. Write in ink on one side of the paper only.)

The following passages have been written by Mr. Graham Greene in his new book, *Ways of Escape*. They have been passed by his editors and approved by his publishers, who assert that Graham Greene is "the most distinguished living writer in the English language." Rewrite each passage as indicated.

---

1. *Correct the grammar:*

   a. "I am not sure that I detect much promise in [*Orient Express*], except in the character of Colonel Hartep, the Chief of Police, whom I suspect survived into the world of Aunt Augusta and *Travels with My Aunt*."

   b. "In my hotel, the Oloffson . . . , there were three guests besides myself: the Italian manager of the casino and an old American artist and his wife—a gentle couple whom I cannot deny bore some resemblance to Mr. and Mrs. Smith of [*The Comedians*]."

   c. "The day of the Lee-Enfield and the Maxim gun were more favorable to the European than those of the dive-bomber and the Bren."

2. *Shift the misplaced modifier to the right position:*

   "It is only since the Revolution that the Pole, I believe, has changed his habit of only communicating on certain major feast days."

3. *Eliminate the jargon:*

   "What the [Polish] authorities had not realized was the effectiveness of this play [Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*], at this moment in time, in modern dress. . . ."

4. *Suggest alternative phrasing to eliminate the clichés:*

   a. "The game . . . was not worth the candle."

   b. "These men [at Dien Bien Phu] were aware of what they resembled—sitting ducks."

   c. "Resettlement was a turn of the screw of discomfort."

   d. "A Gurkha patrol worked by the compass and not by paths. It moved as the crow flies."

   e. "For me to describe Brighton was really a labor of love. . . ."

   f. "The sudden arrival in 1931 down a muddy Gloucestershire lane of a Norwegian poet whom I didn't know from Adam seemed unaccountable . . . ."

5. *Eliminate the awkwardness:*

   "A writer's imagination, like the body, fights against all reason against death.

6. *Eliminate the redundancy:*

   "Next day [in Israel] I met a Burmese officer, a Frenchman, a Swede and a Finn (English was the common language they all spoke)."

7. *Reconstruct the sentence to eliminate excessive prepositions:*

   "Suicide was Scobie's inevitable end; the particular motive of his suicide, to save even God from himself, was the final twist of the screw of his inordinate pride."

8. *Give the sentence a backbone and eliminate the awkwardness:*

   "Some critics have found in [*Travels with My Aunt*] a kind of resumé of my literary career—a scene in Brighton, the journey on the Orient Express—and perhaps a hint of this did come to my mind by the time Aunt Augusta arrived at the Pera Palace, but what struck me with some uneasiness, when I reread the book the other day, were the suggestions I found in it of where the future was going to take me."

(Be sure your name is on your paper.)

less a sign that he is "a Catholic novelist" than evidence of a coarse intelligence? Are not his psychological studies of fear and guilt forced and fraudulent? Is there the qualitative difference he imagines between his novels and his "entertainments"? Does not his instinct for spy and detective adventure betoken a literary sense considerably less than subtle? These are the troubling questions that arise whenever Greene is put forward as a major writer. They arise anew with this second volume of his memoirs.

The first volume, *A Sort of Life*, appeared in 1971. It dealt with his life only up to his 20s. Here we have the rest of it, from 1929 to 1978. As Greene admits, "rather less than half" the book has been cobbled together from the introductions he's provided for the collected edition of his works. These bits are now arranged chronologically and bridged by new passages. There is thus an air of pastiche and incoherence about the whole, although the parts are often attractive.

"I grew clever at evasion," Greene wrote of his youth in *A Sort of Life*. "Truancy was impressed as the pattern of my life." This action of repeated escaping is now promoted to the theme, or pseudo-theme, of *Ways of Escape*. Travel is an escape from boredom and England; novel-writing, an escape from newspaper work; film-reviewing, an escape from novel writing; the short story is an escape from longer fiction; playwriting is an escape from film-script writing, etc. Here escape is like other big "themes" in Greene: it seems to illuminate and unify, but actually it's just another way of escaping—escaping precision. As in: "A friendship can be a way of escape, just as much as writing or travel, from the everyday routine. . . ."

But if Greene's run-through of his

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literary career is dominated by this kind of thematic hokeyness, when he forgets his fake unifying theme he offers some fascinating things. Like his account of libeling Shirley Temple. Her attorneys brought an action which closed down forever the London magazine *Night and Day*, which might have become the British *New Yorker*. (In his review of *Wee Willie Winkie* Greene had suggested that the moppet's manner was that of an experienced little tart. "A Gross Outrage"—*London Times*.) Valuable too are his accounts of anti-colonial uprisings he has seen, in Malaya, Kenya, and Vietnam. His interpretation of what happened at Dien Bien Phu is masterly. So is his version of being deported from Puerto Rico as a onetime Communist during the days when the McCarran Act was still without loopholes. He is startling and funny on Batista's Havana, in its day porn capital of the free world, startling and not so funny on Papa Doc's Haiti. There are hints that he's been engaged in more espionage than we have known about, for sometimes he has the greatest trouble indicating his motives for being in a certain crucial place at a certain crucial time, and has to fall back on his "escape" explanation. He is pleasant and perceptive about the fondness of American Foreign Service officers abroad for reactionaries and militarists. He provides a warm portrait of Evelyn Waugh: seeing past the satirist and the stage Tory, he dwells on Waugh's charity, bravery, loyalty. And he ends with a characteristically melodramatic account of "the Other"—an imposter calling himself "Graham Greene" who pops up all over the world, introducing himself as the famous writer, making time with women, and borrowing money. Greene's closing words constitute a final whiff of evasiveness, and they lodge with us the suspicion that perhaps his problem is that he has the soul of a spy: "I found myself shaken by a metaphysical doubt. Had *I* been the imposter all the time? Was I the Other?"

Who is he anyhow? He seems by this time so conspicuously an international figure, with his Harry Limes and Orient Expresses and Stamboul trains, his travels everywhere, his exotic locales, his residences abroad in Antibes and Anacapri, that it's surprising to be reminded by this book how intensely British he remains. His mind and psyche were formed by Rider Haggard, *Diary of a Nobody*, and Beatrix Potter; by Hardy and Kipling; by Dickens ("I wants to make your flesh creep"); and by Wordsworth, astonishingly present here by frequent quotation and allusion. Greene's subject is justice, and he comes from the very British world of Fielding and Blackstone, Cobbett and *The Secret Agent* and Orwell. He writes in that quintessentially British genre, the detective story, only once-removed.

His frequent success with the nasty has tended to conceal the terrible truth that he's seldom written carefully. The very first sentence of *A Sort of Life* offers a freshman howler: "An autobiography is only 'a sort of life'—it may contain less errors of fact than a biography, but it is of necessity more selective. . . ." For "less," read "fewer." But Greene's winning quality is his modesty. He knows he doesn't write very well, although he thinks his trouble is ineffective metaphor and blurred visual perception. Actually it is his inability to master English syntax and the fine points of English sentence structure.

In view of Mark Harris's recent workout in these pages on E. L. Doctorow's *Loon Lake*, I don't want to give the impression that *The New Republic* is customarily more interested in publishers' blurbs than authors' works. But here's another case of gross commercial hype and *chutzpah*. The jacket copy proclaims that Greene is "the most distinguished living writer in the English language." That's not merely hard on Philip Larkin, Christopher Isherwood, Gore Vidal, Tom Wolfe, and dozens of other exquisite managers of the English sentence. It's impertinent and illiterate. Actually Greene's writing is so palpably improvable that it could serve pedagogic purposes (see examination on page 34).

Paul Fussell

A Love Affair With Khaki

Mr. Kipling's Army
by Byron Farwell

(Norton; $12.95)

Short-sighted, uncoordinated, psychologically (though not physically) timid, deeply ambivalent in his attitude to authority, a poor horseman, in later life tortured by digestive illness, Kipling would have made no sort of soldier. As a young journalist in India, he joined his local regiment of white part-timers, the First Punjab Volunteers, but was never seen on parade and eventually returned his unearned bounty with "regret for neglect of duty." He saw troops under fire only once, at the little battle of Karee Siding during the Boer War and then at such a distance that, though he drew from the experience one of his most graphic military images—"a small piece of hanging woodland filled and fumed with our shrapnel much as a man's moustache fills with cigarette smoke"—he in no sense risked becoming a casualty. During his years in India, 1882-89, the British army was engaged only twice, in the Third Burma War and the Black Mountain Expedition, neither of which campaigns he witnessed. In his imperialist heyday before World War I, when the fear of a coming Armageddon for which Britain was unprepared drove his pen to increasingly frantic propaganda for the introduction of conscription, cartoonists delighted in portraying him uniformed and bemedaled. But the impression created was even more comic than intended; and, as a matter of principle, he refused all offers of decorations which the state thrust at him.

Yet the circumstances of his life were shot through with military people and military things. Educated at a school, the United Service College, specifically founded to cram the sons of officers for the army and navy entrance examinations, he made there one of the most enduring friendships of his life, with the future General Dunsterville, the Stalky of *Stalky and Co.* His beloved sister, Trix, fellow sufferer in the "House of Desolation," married an army officer. His surviving child, Elsie, married an army officer. His son, John, was killed in 1915 serving as an officer in the Irish Guards, a regiment of which he wrote the history, whose colonel, Lord Roberts, was one of his chief heroes, and which bestowed on him an honorary

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colonelcy. Soldiers took pleasure in his company and he reveled in theirs, cherishing every invitation to a regimental mess and pining, during his first, solitary (but triumphantly crowned) year of literary labor in London, for their conversation as a change from that of literary people, whom he shunned and half-despised all his life:

> It's Oh to meet an Army man,
> Set up, and trimmed and taut,
> Who does not spout hashed libraries
> Or think the next man's thought,
> And walks as though he owned himself,
> And hogs his bristles short.

Forty years later, another artist as would-be man of action, Evelyn Waugh, would make just such a "porcine bristled" soldier a principal object of dislike in *Brideshead Revisited*, a book it is inconceivable that Kipling would have written, attempted, or even read. Part of its very great power nevertheless derives from its juxtaposition of doing and feeling, producing thereby some of that same tension which lies at the heart of the Kipling vision; and some of the conviction with which Waugh invests his soldiers stems from their artistic propinquity to Kipling's types. The identification, moreover, was self-willed. As Charles Carrington, Kipling's official biographer, pointed out, life very much imitated art in the Victorian-Edwardian army because, in discovering how Kipling saw them, or wished them to be, its members learned how to play themselves. Those who came a little after, and particularly the "temporary" officers of World War I, made caricature out of theater until, in Waugh's pig-bristled colonel, inarticulate irascibility achieved the level of the surreal.

It is perfectly possible, nonetheless, that Waugh's colonel might have been able to recite the *In Partibus* in which his prototype first appeared as a model. For it is one of Kipling's many triumphs as an artist that he was read and learned by heart by the thousands of whom he wrote and the millions who identified with them: the sun-leathered majors of the Punjab Irregular Force; the choleric colonels of the down-country cantonments; the pink-cheeked, beardless subalterns fresh out from Sandhurst; the faded, quick-tongued ladies of Simla and Dalhousie; and the fleets of cousins and aunts at home divided from them by the long, stately sea routes of the Peninsular and Oriental. And not the officer ranks only: Kipling was loved and recited by the empire's rank and file, even by the empire's down and outs, by the beer-pickled privates of the "Fore and Aft," their time-hardened, time-serving sergeants, drummer boys poised on the edge of corruption, thrice-widowed barrack wives deep sunk in it. All the horror of the empire was in his work: "the sickness that destroyeth in the noonday," the seven-year separation from home, the contempt for the native, the cruelty to the weak, the extinction of all gentler feelings, the place-seeking, the covert adulteries, the glorification of force, the cowardly shrinking from its reality:

> And now the hugly bullets come peckin' through the dust,
> And no one wants to face 'em, but every beggar must;
> So, like a man in irons, which isn't glad to go,
> They moves 'em off by companies uncommon stiff an' slow.

If Kipling had written only thus, his books would have been on the empire's index. His genius was to use the harsh and degrading in the imperial mission as counterpoint to his depiction of its altruism, glories, and self-sacrifice. When he writes of victory over boredom, fortitude in time of epidemic, hard labor for little pay and no thanks, courage in the face of the enemy, he lays it on thick. But because he makes the exemplars of these virtues also shirkers or womanizers or drunkards or brutes, we (and that, in his time, meant Americans by the million) buy his message of the white man's burden. And because, too, the majority of his characters are a mixture of good and bad, weakness and strength, banality redeemed by ideals, those bearers of the burden whom he serves up to us as heroes unalloyed, the Ariel of *Kim* or the demigods of *William the Conqueror*, manage to convince also.

It was an excellent idea of Byron Farwell's to provide the still densely ranked host of Kipling's admirers with a documentary study of the principal institution from which he drew his cast of characters, the long-service, volunteer army of the Widow of Windsor, enlisted for drink and ruled by the lash, as the old saw had it. For, as Kipling often hinted and sometimes explained (though his art shied from the explicit), there was a great deal more to the army than rum and punishment. The secret of the army was a family one, the family of the 150 separate and independent regiments, into which men were sometimes born, where they often died, and whence they transferred to another only for reasons not spoken about above a whisper. The author knows a great deal about the regiments, the Fifth Fusiliers, the East Lancashires, the Rifle Brigade, the Scarlet Lancers, and he conveys to us something of their secret. It wrestled with much that was destructive of unity and *esprit de corps*, with slaves wages, frequent sickness incompetently doctored, unjust discipline, flagrant inequality. It drew much of its force from a code deeply repellant to modern manners, the denial of individuality, the extinction of privacy, the censorship of thought, the superordination of the masculine over the feminine principle, made manifest in the almost insuperable difficulties put in the way of a private soldier who wished to marry. But while its spell was on a man, the regimental magic, transmitted through the powerful totemism of colors, music, uniforms, and customs, filled his veins with an elixir of maleness which bound him to his comrades with a force greater than that of the marriage bond.

If there is a weakness in the author's treatment of his subject, it is that he has been careless in defining its boundaries. Kipling's army was several rather than one. He wrote of the native army as well as the British, which Mr. Farwell excludes, of the imperial army of the Boer War, of the British Expeditionary Force of 1914-18, of his "army of a dream" to which political realities very properly denied an existence. But "Mr. Kipling's Army" is quintessentially that of Mulvaney, Learoyd, and Ortheris, the army of paupers in exile which garrisoned the almost uninhabitable interior of the Indian empire from the Mutiny to 1914 and in particular during the two decades of imperial stasis from 1880-1900 which coincided with Kipling's own Indian years. The author

"Power-packed, daringly candid."*
GHOST WALTZ
by Ingeborg Day
The daughter of an Austrian Nazi lays bare "the extraordinary story of her quest for understanding... eloquent, spellbinding.... A rare book."
—Los Angeles Times
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ranges too widely on either side of these benchmarks for material with which to make his effects, and too far from the Indian heartland. The Peninsula and the Crimea were not Kipling's subjects, because too early, nor New Zealand nor West Africa, because beyond his ken. A more accurate title, therefore, might have been *The Army of the Second British Empire*, of which Kipling certainly would have approved.

Or would he? There was a terrible dust-and-ashes end to his love affair with khaki. In 1899 pneumonia had taken from him "the daughter that was all to him," Josephine. In 1915, at the battle of Loos, the Germans took his only son, John. He had talked away the boy's short-sightedness to get him a commission in the Irish Guards and taken enormous pride in his fulfillment of a role he himself could not play, though he had urged it on others throughout his writing life. His son's death, not confirmed for many months and never by the recovery of his body, came near to destroying what little joy in life had been left him since Josephine's death. "Down on your knees," he ordered a close woman friend in 1916, "and thank God you haven't a son." To console himself he wrote a short epitaph:

> My son was killed while laughing at some jest.
> I would I knew
> What it was, and it might serve me in a time
> When jests are few.

It was kept from him, by the only friend who discovered the facts, that John Kipling was last seen by one of his soldiers crying with pain from a wound in the mouth.

John Keegan

John Keegan teaches at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, and is the author of *The Face of Battle* (Viking).

Trapped in the Mines

The Scapegoat
by Mary Lee Settle

(Random House; $11.95)

In *The Scapegoat*, Mary Lee Settle illuminates a moment in the American past, a West Virginia coal miners' strike in 1912, so exhaustively, so authoritatively, that her technique—a dozen voices speaking out of their own involvement—convinces us that it is the only plausible way to pay honor to the complexities of social history.

We hear these speakers in passionate antagonism, each representing the force of his or her own kind: the impatient, vindictive detectives hired to keep the peace (or to coerce it); a pathetic crew of foreign scabs called "transportation," who have no idea what they've been imported to do and who are moved about like herds, silent without a common language; the striking miners, especially a group of Italians who always will be foreigners, even in this permanent home; Beverley Lacey, one of the few mine owners who want to negotiate but who, nonetheless, has been prevailed upon to train a gatling gun on the strikers for the protection of his girls and his wife in their white dresses; those girls themselves, each ambitious in a different way; Jake Catlett, strike leader and friend of Lacey's who is not eager to oppose him but whose integrity compels him to; and a marvelous, not at all voiceless contingent of women whose anger the real Mother Jones (whose speeches are adapted from transcripts) arrives to orchestrate into a demonstration that changes nothing but their internal sense of power: "These women wouldn't forget, and they wouldn't let their children forget."

And there is Mother Jones herself, in her bombazine, dressed like a Victorian lady on her way to church, a passionate cynic beyond intimidation, who plays her crowd with tiny variations in pitch and rhythm, forgetting for an instant that they are women who won't dare laugh out loud when she pleases herself by calling Governor Glasscock "Crystal Peter," storing up incidents to use as

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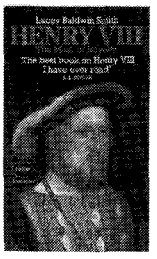

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bait when she needs to stir them up.

In the end we are not so much moved as enlightened by these voices. *The Scapegoat* is not an angry or disillusioned book so much as an unillusioned one. From its opening "testimony" by the mine owner's adolescent daughter hiding behind the rambler roses, who is certain she "didn't miss a thing" during the strike, we see Settle's people locked into their places in the intricate schemes of class. A few flail and heave in their traces and one even escapes and begins the long climb from faceless labor, literally rides out of town before the mob in borrowed clothes. But for the most part, on this one long day at the climax of the strike (with a few short, privileged asides from the future), they are doomed to play out their roles earnestly and narrowly.

The land the coal miners work was settled in this, Settle's Yoknapatawpha County, four books ago in *O Beulah Land*. Most of the men and women in *The Scapegoat*—McCarkles, Carvers, Neills, Catletts, and Laceys—bear the family names of the earliest settlers of this place, and so for those who have read the earlier books in what has become a five-part series, there is a fuller dimension to this doom. These characters are only another generation, an instant, in the life of the land. As the issues turn complex, and Indian wars and epidemics seem straightforward in comparison, Settle's multifaceted narrative bears witness to the change.

The most pathetic of these descendants is Beverley Lacey (last of the male line of the Jonathan Lacey who figured largely in *O Beulah Land*), now owner of one of the mines, who wants to negotiate with the union but is too weak to prevail. His father, who had opened a coalfield, made money and lost it, been to war and back, stays on into his middle age as a haunting voice reminding Beverley of all the things he will never be. A paternalist, a man of outmoded convictions, he had taken Beverley into the mines as a young man in spite of his weak lungs, "to learn from the coal-face like he had. He said if you were going to ask men to work for you you had to do right. . . ." Now, ironically, Beverley's lungs have given out on him like any working man's. "No boy of mine is going to lay like a hog under a chestnut tree eating chestnuts and never looking up to see where they come from," is how his father said it. "When a man's fate has already been decided for 50 million years because his land happens to be over a seam of coal he's licked before he starts," is the way Beverley says it, putting a very different emphasis on the legacy of the mountains. "Coal and ideals. Goddamn both of them."

The coincidence is doubly painful: the simultaneous playing-out of the Lacey family's vitality and the debilitating, distancing growth of corporate, centralized, impersonal power. Even Standard Oil has bought in, and no one owes these miners anything anymore; they are all strangers. At the climax, inevitably, the "civilized" forces, a mob like any other, kill a thoroughly innocent foreigner. If he is not the one they'd intended, they all look alike; he is hardly worth the weeping.

Of Lacey's three talkative daughters, two take a self-absorbed and apolitical view of the struggle. It is the third, Lily, who stands closest to the center of the book, though she is not an easily likable heroine. Lily has been to Vassar, where she has learned about life (or at least discovered socialism and women's suffrage). According to her sister she has "an ironing board body and a critical soul—she has always refused to let us not notice things."

As such Lily is a perfect character for Settle to have placed in the midst of the action as an unwitting catalyst for the forces of violence—she is yearning, confused, strong-willed, desperate to be of use in changing the world, but dangerously innocent. Lily is so in love with herself and her vague mission that she is worse than useless and—except for a wonderfully bracing moment when she meets Mother Jones, who knows her for the spoiled, ambitious, middle-class girl she is, and says so—she never realizes it. Right to the end, when Lily sees the miners' wives in their aprons, to her "they moved like animals. . . . Bacchante, she thought and was pleased at that. She liked classic references. . . . It was education they needed." At which point, since, alas, not everyone can go to Vassar, she forgives them.

Settle gives Lily a chance at redemption the others in the book never have. We see her a few years later, in a section set during the war when she is working as a nurse in France. By now, ministering to the victims of a far uglier battle than the miners', she has some perspective on the events of 1912, "the pathos of [her family's] innocence," and the smallness of the scale on which that drama played itself out. It is a daring and unsentimental gesture to thrust the "end" of one part of the novel into its very center, but Settle is writing a history, not without its instants of intimacy and suspense, but not meant to have a conventionally ingratiating hold on our emotions.

There are moments of surpassingly lovely writing and a fine feeling for the geography of these hillsides. There is a startling moment when a warning is

THINGS

The hen flings a single pebble aside
with her yellow, reptilian foot.
Never in eternity the same sound—
a small stone falling on a red leaf.

The juncture of twig and branch,
scarred with lichen, is a gate
we might enter, giving praise.

A mouse pulls the batting
from a hundred-year-old quilt.
She chewed a hole in a blue star
to get it, and now she thrives . . .
Now is her time to thrive.

Things: simply lasting, then
failing to last—water, a blue heron's
eye, and the light passing
between them; into light all things
must fall, glad at last to have fallen.

Jane Kenyon

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sung in code—in Italian—to the strikers. There are the lyrical meanderings of Lacey's worn, lonely wife, Ann Eldridge, a deadly, conventional woman to her daughter but an isolated, unhappy wife whose dreams for herself are much less alienating from our perspective.

There are also lapses. One, whom we get at length, is the black-dressed figure of the Italian mother, whose passions and peasant's fortitude make her too familiar, however many of her kind may have existed at this time, in this place. Further, she thinks in unlikely abstractions: "Lust and lynching left no residue of longing, not like love and hate and hope." From time to time other characters tend to indulge similar thoughts so discursive and rational, so finished, that the author seems to have lifted them out of a box where literary conventions lie seasoning.

But such flaws amount to little in this absorbing and ambitious book. *The Scapegoat* is a lively and bitter demonstration that most (but not all) of us will never overcome the limitations of our own and our family's partisan vision but will live out our lives where we have, indifferently, been placed in the order of doer and done-to. That is no rigid Hardyan determinism, it is only a realistic reading of the record.

Rosellen Brown

Rosellen Brown is a poet and novelist. Her novels include *Tender Mercies* (Knopf) and *The Autobiography of My Mother* (Doubleday).

Out, Damned Spot!

Ghost Waltz: A Memoir by Ingeborg Day

(Viking; $11.95)

> I slept with one Jewish man once, with a second one several times, a man who was 'fascinated' by my 'background' and liked to hear, in bed, about my father. I stopped meeting him because I got scared. Playing with fire/Risking the wrath of . . . whose wrath? It felt like defiant slumming, exotic and perilous, more perverse than anything involving the mere manipulation of bodies, if my father could see his Ingelein now.

The above comprises the shortest chapter of *Ghost Waltz*. The "Ingelein" referred to is Ingeborg Day, the book's author. The "background" that "fascinated" her lover derives from the fact that her father, Ernst Seiler, now long gone, was an Austrian Nazi, an early joiner who had his party card years before Anschluss with Germany took place. He is depicted as a party member of no consequence, an SS policeman whose activities, his daughter believes, were largely taken up with serving as a military bandsman. The author's encounters with Jewish lovers, cited above, are but examples of the lengths to which she goes in an effort, apparently, to exorcise a ghostly adhesion of anti-Semitism, the legacy of parents whom she adored. Day was born in 1940; she has lived in America all her adult life, been married to a midwesterner, with whom she had two children, and now, divorced, lives in Manhattan, where she works as a magazine editor.

Day's first look at America occurred in 1957 when, at age 16, she came over as an exchange student. The visit proved an eye-opener. For the first time she learned of Nazi depradations. On television one night she saw an American actor, wearing an armband with a swastika, use a rifle butt for striking a feeble old man. The actor's German was laughable but not so laughable was the sight of the old man collapsing on his tormentor's feet, "of the kind of boots that my father used to wear when I was a child." On another occasion, also at night, members of the family with which Ingeborg stayed were startled to hear from her that Herr Seiler had been a Nazi policeman. They wanted to know why he hadn't been sentenced to prison. Before all turned in that evening, the paterfamilias declared that "National Socialism was evil and would have destroyed the world if we hadn't stopped it in time." Home again, in Graz, the teenager asked her father, "Did you gas any Jews?" In an even, deliberate voice, Herr Seiler, born in 1906, replied, "If you care to leave my house, forever, right now, you need only repeat what you just said." But his Ingelein persisted. The following day, informing her father what Americans thought, she implored him to "tell me your side, tell me *our* side." "It's too late," he said.

It is against this backdrop that Day plays out her "memoir," as she subtitles her book. Strictly speaking, it isn't a memoir, having as much to do with her future, it would appear, as it does with her past; for repeatedly she brings out that an abiding goal of her life is to purge herself of any and all anti-Jewish tendencies. She is at a loss to explain their origins. She writes, "I cannot remember my parents, my teachers, my friends—anyone while I was growing up—saying a word about Jews. Not pro, not con, not ever." Elsewhere, though, she voices a suspicion that her parents may have "made clear, somehow, very early in my life that they were anti-Semites." Speaking of her own anti-Semitism, she says, "I was not born like this, it was done to me."

The author practically flagellates herself to do battle with her prejudice. She

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sees a newspaper photo of a group of Hasids, and the sight of them is repellent, a reaction that throws her into a tizzy of guilt. She is "terrified" at detesting Yiddish, "a sickening bastardization of my beautiful-beautiful language. . . ." She shows *Ghost Waltz* to a Jewish friend while the work is in progress. Reading her manuscript, he assures her, "You are not an anti-Semite," but Day spurns his pronouncement, insisting that she harbors bigoted sentiments. She employs Andy, a 12-year-old Jewish boy who runs errands. When he turns 13, Day is in attendance at his Bar Mitzvah, held in a synagogue. At a luncheon following the confirmation, she forces herself to down gefilte fish, "dreadful stuff" that reminds her of vanilla pudding. "What kind of book are you writing?" Andy's mother asks at the luncheon, and the Nazi's daughter can't deal with the query. "It's, I'm, uh . . . it's an erotic epic poem," she says.

The author's father is very much on her mind. As though seeking to make sure she has a cross to bear, she checks out her father's past with official agencies. Police archives in Graz turn up the information that Ernst Seiler was dismissed from the police force in 1945 because of membership in the SS and other Nazi organizations. In response to her inquiry, the US State Department lets her know that Ernst Seiler "joined the Nazis in Graz, on April 1, 1933, membership number 1,619,667." Day receives the information indignantly. How, she demands, can the State Department go on maintaining records of a man who has been dead since 1973, a man who was "a Nazi nobody?"

Personal accounts are often highly effective in lighting up historical events. *Ghost Waltz*, alas, doesn't succeed in this connection, and for a curious reason: it has little to do with historical events. The author's seeming absorption with the Third Reich and Anschluss, with her father's SS membership and the fate of "the Six Million" (upper case hers), is more shadow than substance, for the book emerges less a social tract than a case history with psychiatric overtones. In effect, Hitler is reduced to the role of spear carrier, his contribution a Gothic setting for the unraveling of familial problems that are by no means necessarily the product of fascism. It is the author herself who puts us in mind of psychiatry, for she quotes a therapist as telling her, "What's the matter with you, who do you think you are anyway! You think those two little people [her parents] caused it all? What kind of megalomania is that!" Rejoining, in her book, Day writes that the psychiatrist has missed the point, that it doesn't matter whether her parents "caused it all." "The point is, Six Million is unimaginable," she writes. "If my parents were connected—at all, any which way—with the amassing of this number, then they are unimaginable, too." It is an overwrought reaction, and not an isolated one. Later on, one reads, "If I think Six Million, my parents become . . . so monstrous that I fight for breath. . . ." She admits to loving her procreators, but defensively, as though the stuff of family affection were a source of embarrassment rather than of strength. She writes warmly of her father, recalling that before she entered first grade, he taught her Schiller's "Song of the Bell," all 29 stanzas; in his socks and baggy pants, he waltzed with her at home, singing nonsense syllables to "The Blue Danube," as her mother stood watching, the kitchen light behind her. But such glowing memories aren't for the likes of Day. She must undermine them, it appears, by wondering whether her father, an SS cop, joined in smashing the windows of Jewish shops on *Kristallnacht*; she must declare that anti-Semitism is a link to her parents, and that to rid herself of it would be to rid herself of her parents, a choice, she writes, that tears her apart.

The book has serious gaps, some of them unavoidable. Apart from establishing that her father was an SS policeman, the author provides few details of his actual deeds in that capacity. The author herself witnessed little of Nazi activities; she was only four or five when Hitler fell. Perhaps in an effort to compensate for this, she runs in set pieces of historical background but the material is familiar and, more often than not, of term-paper caliber. Throughout, Day states that she is anguished by thoughts of "the Six Million," but without telling why. No one expects her to carry on about cattle cars and the chimneys of Auschwitz, but the numerical phrase might have taken on a degree of life had she entered a paragraph or two giving her own considered and subjective attitude toward Jews. She might have done well, too, to describe her vision of a benign world; it might have lent *Ghost Waltz* an amplitude it could use. But *Ghost Waltz* isn't that kind of book. It never does get out into the world, its boundaries are the special needs of an individual trying to quell the *Sturm und Drang* of conflicts within herself. One puts aside *Ghost Waltz* wishing her well, hoping that now that she has the book out of her system, the accomplishment will bring her a measure of ease.

Daniel Lang

Daniel Lang's books include *Casualties of War* and *A Backward Look: Germans Remember*, both published by McGraw-Hill.

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Correspondence, *from page 3*

tially the same points. It is the more tedious since the object of criticism seems not so much Mr. Reston's politics as his journalism. The personal tone of the comments smacks of sour grapes and leads one to wonder whether there might not, in fact, be another untold story involving *TNR* writers and Mr. Reston. This sort of personal vendetta against a columnist of another publication seems both beneath the dignity of this journal and outside the most effective sphere of its influence.

Timothy C. Evans
Seattle, Washington

Layoffs and vacations

To the editors:

R.H. should know better than to write about "all those NEA types with their three-month vacations" (Washington Diarist, *TNR*, December 6). My friends in organized labor know the difference between a vacation and a layoff: a vacation is when you don't work and get paid; a layoff is when you don't work and don't get paid. R.H., *TNR*, and the tax-paying public should know that teachers get a three-month layoff.

Martin Shockley
North Texas State University
Denton, Texas

Correction:
Sarah McClendon's name was misspelled in the December 20 TRB column. The editors regret the error.

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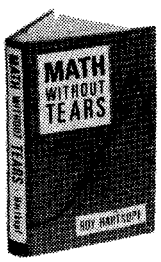

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Washington Diarist

Rogues' Gallery

The worst thing that ever happened for public morality in this country was catching Nixon with the "smoking gun." Since then, anyone who isn't a proven criminal has felt entitled to parade around Washington getting all huffy at any suggestion that he isn't a saint. Two such non-criminals will be running the foreign policy of the Reagan administration. Richard Allen, Reagan's apparent choice as national security adviser, has been the subject of exposés in *Mother Jones*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and the normally sedate and respectful *New Republic*, all of which have been greeted with yawns. Allen, between assignments with the Nixon administration, hired out as an influence-peddler. He performed lucrative and mysterious chores for crooks like Robert Vesco and disgraceful causes like Portuguese colonialism. To attract more respectable clients, like the Japanese, he lied about the workings of the US government and his own influence with it. But this is mere slime, nothing illegal. Allen took care not to violate the technical terms of the foreign agents registration law, and he kept reasonably clear in his own mind, or at least on his calendar, when he was working for his country and when he was working for himself. It's just a personal tragedy, or perhaps something to do with biorhythms, that he tends to be nearby—but looking the other way—whenever a scandal blows up: *twice* with Investors Overseas Services, and then the Nixon campaign shakedown of corporate contributions. So it's disgraceful for anyone even to suggest that Allen is not to be trusted in a position of power. Let's hear no more about it, shall we?

Alexander Haig, our next secretary of state, is another one who has managed to perform prodigious feats of immorality without, thank goodness, ever breaking the law. They are very different types. Allen really is not respectable, whereas Haig is respectable to a fault. An article we ran by Nicholas Lemann about the special assistant as a social type ("Protégé Power," *TNR*, April 7, 1979) speculated about how this sort of person would perform if he were ever really in charge. With Haig at State, we are about to find out. Starting with a job as aide to General MacArthur in occupied Japan, Haig's career has been a series of ever more impressive toadyships: to Robert MacNamara, Henry Kissinger, Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford, and most recently Harrison Gray at United Technologies.

Even more than Richard Allen, Haig has a knack for popping up whenever history is being tarnished. His defense to the various charges against him, generally, is that, as a mere toady, he bears no responsibility for whatever naughtiness he was involved in. In 1969, when Kissinger wanted a few telephones tapped, including some of his other staff members, it was loyal Al he trusted to trot the list over to the FBI. Carrying a request for illegal wiretaps is not illegal, of course, nor is a strong silent type like Al Haig under any legal obligation to object. In 1972 Haig urged Nixon to carry out the "Christmas bombings" of North Vietnam, which had no military purpose and were solely to impress South Vietnamese president Nguyen Van Thieu with our continued willingness to "brutalize" (Haig's term) the North. (And Anthony Lewis, often brutalized on this page, deserves thanks for bearing witness to this event in a column every year around this date). There is Haig again on the White House tapes for June 4, 1973, advising Nixon to say "you just can't recall" in reply to Watergate questions. If this conversation had involved testimony under oath, it might have been suborning perjury. But it is not illegal to urge a president to lie to the citizenry, so there's no problem here. Finally, in an encore performance as messenger boy, there is Haig in October 1973 carrying Nixon's demand that special prosecutor Archibald Cox be fired. Others thought this was something worth quitting over, but Al was just carrying out orders. Not illegal, of course. Democrats are now demanding a thorough investigation before Haig is confirmed. What more could it possibly turn up? The man is clean. Of course if he ran a red light while delivering one of his odious messages, that would be different. That would be the smoking gun.

M.E.K.

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